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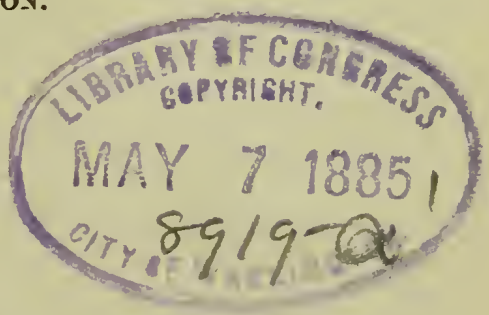
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

WILLIAM JOHNSTON HUTCHINSON.

REVISED EDITION.



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TO

Clara and Jeanette

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.

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Miscellaneous Poems.

Apostrophe to Samuel Johnson, LL. D.

JOHNSON! how great—how deathless is thy name!
How justly vast the measure of thy fame! *
'Tis England's boast 'twas she that gave thee birth:
Her language taught mankind thy wondrous worth.†
Beneath her skies thou early sought'st the truth;
And, youthful, toiled—if ever thou knew'st youth.
Near Lichfield's‡ peaceful scenes—her hills, her glades,
Her flowing streams, her cool, inviting shades

---

* The two greatest characters of the XVIIIth century were (*a*) Johnson and (*b*) John Churchill. After Shakespeare, Johnson stands next in the order of literary geniuses.

†Because in her language the *Dictionary*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, *etc.*, were originally written.

‡Lichfield, a town of England, in Stafford co., 16 m. N. of Birmingham.

(Not born remote mid lonely wood and wild,
Yet early wast thou Melancholy's child)*
It was thy wont to silently retire
Within the sound of bell and sight of spire,
And (cast thy form upon the yielding ground)
Give up the hours to reveries profound.
Here 'twas thou wrought'st from many a wholesome dream
The tender verse and the instructive theme.
'Twas here thou learn'dst to shape the hopes and fears
That blessed a Nation in the after years.
This for thy boyhood. Now thou brav'st the frown,
And bring'st thy talents to the feverish town.
Obscure thy state, a stranger to all men†
Thou seest thy way—and grasp'st the willing pen!
Thy lines amaze;‡ thy thoughts breathe heavenly fire;
The people, taught, bethink them to admire.

*From his father he inherited a melancholy disposition; and besides suffered from a scrofulous disorder which impaired his eyesight. In compliance with a popular belief he was actually taken to Queen Anne, that by the placing of her hands upon him he might be cured of this "king's evil." (1709.)

†He went to London (1737) where for several years he worked in poverty and obscurity.

‡By the publication of the poem *London*, which caused great astonishment and delight. Although coming from an unknown pen, and appearing on the same morning with Pope's "1738," it was even more admired.

Thy Prince pays homage * and thy censure fears;
While a whole nation waits, with listening ears,
As day by day the words of wisdom fall †
To point the wisest—or the worst forestall.
Thou 'tis who first the charm of grace suspect'dst;
Who shap'dst a language and its faults correct'dst. ‡
Proud trophy! and the more that 'tis thine own:
More lasting than a shaft of crumbling stone.
Yes; while the statesman and the warrior toil
To fill the record of the Nation's spoil;
And hope to win a niche in Fame's proud hall,
Or fill a sentence high upon its wall,
Thou, tireless conqueror of each word and page!
Wilt sweetly bloom when they are worn with age.
Great Johnson! doth thy fame alone depend
On England's weal? where English realms extend?
No! in a younger—in a sturdier land §
Is felt the magic of thy skilful wand.
No less than in thine own belovéd isle
We know thy power to start a tear, a smile.
And while Instruction makes a pleasing sound,

---

*The celebrated interview (1767) with George III. in the great library at the Queen's house.

†Through the medium of the *Rambler* (1749—52), a morning semi-weekly pamphlet, universally read.

‡The *Dictionary*—the model of the modern dictionary.

§America.

While Virtue in her pleasant walk is found,
Great Moralist! thy wisdom shall prevail
"To point a moral or adorn a tale."
As the huge sun with an o'erpowering glow
Obscures all stars that send a ray below,
So, JOHNSON! by thy mind and sense supreme
Thou mak'st thy compeers show with fainter gleam.
Yet, when the sun at rest gives way to night
They shine forth brightly with his borrowed light.
So thou at peace, at Conversation's hour,*
Persuad'st each guest to shine with heightened pow'r.
What guests are thine! what friends we see
arrayed!
Who gladly at thy feet an homage paid.
Thy Sovereign was the least; by chance he shone.
The greatest there from merit all his own—
A Reynolds! with Parrhasian skill to paint;
A Garrick! with the Thalian art to feint.
See gentle Goldsmith, whom no harshness shook;
See loving Langton, who his ease forsook;
See sprightly Beauclerk lead the SAGE astray
Until the sobering hour at dawn of day.

*The celebrated literary CLUB, founded (1764) by Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. To be a member of this Monday evening gathering was at that time the most coveted distinction in England. The original members were Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, Christopher Nugent, M. D., Bennet Langton, Esq., Topham Beauclerk, Esq., Oliver Goldsmith, M. D., Anthony Chamier, Esq., and Sir John Hawkins.

See of them all, see Burke the good and wise,
The noblest of that noble group arise.
What worthy thoughts! what stores of graceful wit!
What warning words that every hour befit!
See Gibbon, yet to tell the mighty fall,
Sit calmly by the idlest of them all.
Boswell! thou too: the imperfect list is done.*
Boswell! thou wast the well beloved one.
The part was thine—thine was the happy part
To share the joys and torments of his heart.
In thee he lived and lives; through thee he plann'd;
Thine was the earliest and the latest hand.
If tears were his they mingled with thy tears;
If aught perplexed he told thee all his fears.
If thou wast happy thus can he commend:
"No man e'er had so true, so kind a friend."
If, Johnson, I once more the strain renew,
What names! what deeds must pass us in review!
Saint Patrick's dean, by bitter memories burned;
The classic Pope, with ready couplet turned.
Sweet Addison gives life a newer zest;
Of his examples is himself the best.
Steele, Prior, and Fielding, Hogarth, Smollet, Gay,
All know thy face and greet thee on the way.
Should History pause to ask what thou hast
traced,

*His intimate friend, observer, and biographer.

Thou canst reply: "The Stuart clan debased.
And then the rise of Brunswick's brilliant star *
That rose and yet its glory sends afar.
Seen shameless Marlborough dim his proud career;†
And seen the realm of India drawing near.‡
Heard Wolfe proclaim, 'Tis happiness to die!'§
Of Minden heard the glad, victorious cry.‖

---

* By the flight of James III. (1715) to France, and the ascendsion of George I. to the English throne.

† "Marlborough's master passion was the love of money. He stands a marked example of mingled greatness and littleness."

‡ Through the achievements of Clive, India was brought under subjection to England (1757)

§ The capture of Quebec (1759), by Wolfe, gave Canada to the English.

‖ At Minden, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick defeated France and her allies (1759).

"With regard to common occurrences, Mr. Johnson had, when I first knew him, looked on the shifting scenes of life till he was weary; for as a mind slow in its own nature, or unenlivened by information, will contentedly read in the same book for twenty times perhaps, the very act of reading it being half the business, and every period being at every reading better understood; while a mind more active or more skilful to comprehend its meaning is made sincerely sick at the second perusal: so a soul like his, acute to discern the truth, vigorous to embrace, and powerful to retain it, soon sees enough of the world's dull prospect, which at first, like that of the sea, pleases by its extent, but soon like that too, fatigues from its uniformity; a

Seen nations rise to sink in deathlike rest;
Seen mighty nations thriving in the West."
Such men, such deeds have found a grave, a page
While thou wast drawing to the ripening age,

---

calm and a storm being the only variations that the nature of either will admit.

"Of Mr. Johnson's erudition the world has been the judge, and we who produce each a score of his sayings as proofs of that wit which in him was inexhaustible, resemble travellers who, having visited Delhi or Golconda, bring home each a handful of Oriental pearls to evince the riches of the Great Mogul. They are relics of him who was great on all occasions, and, like a cube in architecture, you beheld him on each side and his size still appeared undiminished.

"His equity in giving the character of living acquaintance ought not to to be omitted in his own, whence partiality and prejudice were totally excluded, and truth alone presided in his tongue: a steadiness of conduct the more to be commended, as no man had stronger likings or aversions.

"The mind of this man was indeed expanded beyond the common limits of human nature, and stored with such variety of knowledge that I used to think it resembled a royal pleasure ground where every plant of every name and nation flourished in full perfection of their powers; and where, though lofty woods and falling cataracts first caught the eye and fixed the earliest attention of beholders, yet neither the trim parterre nor the pleasing shrubbery, nor even the antiquated evergreens, were denied a place in some fit corner of the happy valley."—Piozzi.

"It was indeed surprising and even affecting to remark the pleasure with which this great man accepted personal kindness, even from the simplest of mankind; and the grave formality

With Piety and Virtue at thy hand
To aid thy judgment, soften thy command.
How pure thy life! how free from blot or stain!
Thy secret annals cannot give a pain.

---

with which he acknowledged it even to the meanest. Possibly it was what he most prized, because what he could least command; for personal partiality hangs upon lighter and slighter qualities than those which earn solid approbation. But of this, if he had the least command, he had also the least want; his towering superiority of intellect elevating him above all competitors, and regularly establishing him, wherever he appeared, as the first being of the society."—D'Arblay.

"From the mixture of power and weakness in the composition of this wonderful man, the scholar should learn humility. It was designed to correct that pride which great parts and great learning are apt to produce in their possessor. In him it had the desired effect. For though consciousness of superiority might sometimes induce him to carry it high with man, his devotions have shown to the whole world how humbly he walked at all times with his God.

"His example may likewise encourage those of timid and gloomy dispositions not to despond, when they reflect that the vigor of such an intellect could not preserve its possessor from the depredations of melancholy. They will cease to be surprised and alarmed at the degree of their own sufferings; they will resolve to bear with patience and resignation the malady to which they find a Johnson subject as well as themselves; and if they want words in which to ask relief from him who alone can give it, the God of mercy and Father of all comfort, language affords no finer than those in which his prayers are conceived. Child of sorrow, wherever thou art, use them; and be thankful that the man existed by whose means thou hast them to use."—Horne.

Of every day some portion thou couldst spare
To frame the structure of a fervent prayer.
Thou knewst not avarice, felt in gold no pride;
"The daily want the daily toil supplied."
Let friends surround thee, let each happy face
Gaze into thine from its appointed place,
And Louis' gold, and Louis' realm must wait,
Or lie unnoticed at thy humble gate.

By Nile's slow length a mighty pile uprears
That shall defy the flight of passing years.
In lofty grandeur shall it stand alone;
Its mighty fabric know none like its own.
So, JOHNSON, as thy times and scenes recede,
And fresher annals may our view impede,
Thou shalt stand forth in grandeur, firm and bold:
For Wisdom, Wit, and Virtue wax not old.

Lines.

(On presenting a copy of Shakespeare's Works.)

WHEN, from the varying phases of the mind,
Thou'dst seek companionship for every mood,
Open these pages, and behold enshrined
A smile for gladness, tears for solitude.
Within these narrow bounds thou'lt find at best
The subtlest strains the soul divine hath play'd—
What deep emotions told! what doubts express'd!
And every fault with just exactness weighed!
Call it a garden blooming with sweet thought,
Whose true complexion serves but to inspire:
Within its pale each rarest flower is taught
To shed a fragrance that it holds entire.
So, if this garden thy quick sense attain,
Thou'lt fly all meads, and, craving, come again.

The Star of Friendship.

WHEN forth again upon the main
The voy'ger tempts stern Ocean's wrath,
Though headland fade, yet undismayed
He threads the crested path.

Nor fears? and why? There, gleaming high,
Behold the index to his way!
Whene'er he turns, there ever burns
That calm celestial ray.

The Pole-Star's* beam it is whose gleam
Emboldens all his fond desires:
He bounds the waste with ardent haste,
If kindled be its fires.

*"Since we always see the whole of the upper hemisphere at one view, when there is nothing in the horizon to obstruct our vision, it follows that if we should travel 10 degrees north of the equator, we should see just 10 degrees below the pole, which would then appear to have risen 10 degrees; and should we stop in the 42d degree of north latitude we should, in like manner, have our horizon just 42 degrees below the pole, or the pole would appear to have an elevation of 42 degrees. Whence we derive this general truth: The elevation of the pole of the equator is always equal to the latitude of the place of observation."

Should now his bark through regions dark
  Pursue the Northwind to his lair,
'Twill upward rise, surmount the skies,
  And glow yet purer there.

If now the helm to sunniest realm
  The ever restive voy'ger brings,
It downward wends, with ocean blends—
  Yet near to memory clings.

What though it sink beneath the brink
  And perish to his earnest gaze?
He, wistful, sure, proclaims how pure,
  How quenchless is its blaze!

Thus Friendship's Star. It shines afar,
  Assuring up life's treacherous zone:
Let climates smile it lives the while
  With constancy its own.

"Of all yon multitude of golden stars,
Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,
The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the constant pole alone."

Asleep.

I PAUSED where Innocency slept,
(It was the deep and silent night)
I lingered as the moments swept,
Sweet watch I with the angel kept*—
  Fair picture! page of pure delight!

We smiled because our darling smiled.
  Some joyous pastime of the day
By which her rosy hours are whiled,
E'en 'cross that stream her heart beguiled—
  O'er memory held its tender sway.

We sighed because our darling sighed.
  Some childhood care within her breast
Unbidden dared to float the tide,
And bring its shadow to her side—
  To mar that calm and perfect rest.

And nightly at that sacred place
  My heart's o'erflowing raptures pour.

* "He shall give His angels charge over thee."

No burning lines that poets trace
For me have charms when that fair face
Portrays its sweet and varying lore.

Lines.

WE looked on Ocean in her angriest mood:*
The clouds of sablest hue above her hung.
The wind, at arms, aggressive, chill, and rude,
A loud defiance to her tossing flung:
And, high above, the stormy petrel sung
That note she loves when all around is gloom.
'Twas then, as forth that shrill storm rhythm rung,
We saw beneath the deadly barrier loom
That lured yon laboring victim to its timeless doom.

Say, Ocean! which thy best belovéd spoils?
Are they alone the beautiful and fair
Who breathe sweet life away within thy toils
And tinge thy toning with a deep despair?
Should it not rather be thy constant care
To waft them to some certain, happy end
With smiles such as I oft have seen thee wear?

*The lines have reference to a storm of great violence which broke upon the coast in March, 1877.

Canst thou not cherished purposes defend
When they such costly aims shall to thy arms
commend?

We looked on Ocean ('twas her angriest phase)
Tumultuously surging at our feet.
In wonderment there learned her wond'rous ways
Unheedful of the lowering mists that beat
Unmarked as when the troubled main they meet.
Breathless we note the towering billows bound
Till they the froward headland's front shall greet;
Feel the quick shock, whose never ceasing sound
Breaks on the ear, and treads a never-ending round.

Say, Ocean, why should one, if formed to grace,
Trust to thy wiles? 'Tis to be torn and riven.
Is it with thee as with another race?
The promise fails that seemed most truly given:
The bark once gently fann'd now tempest driven.
She dreamed not as she lay where harbor locks,
Like some poor penitent who roams unshriven,
Her calm presaged a storm of tireless shocks:
Who, who can soothe the ire of these insatiate rocks?

We looked ('twas Ocean's most presumptuous hour)
When high she lifted up a threat'ning hand
And asked obedience to her gathering power
From the resisting, unsubmissive land.
She spread unsightly trophies on the strand
Whereon her seal unchangeable was set

That man should pause to of himself demand,
"What dwells there in this frame of mine that yet
Dares to contend with Thee?"—asks to himself
forget.

Say, Ocean, why art thou enraged afresh?
Yon monstrous surge! if 't be thy might controls,
Turn it away from that within thy mesh
Ere a devouring tide upon it rolls!
Ah! it must be as on life's treach'rous shoals.
There, when ill-fated barks may not recede,
Destruction's ready mantle soon enfolds;
And prospering shapes that laughed at thought of
need,
Spread fragments far and near to blazon Ocean's
greed.

We looked on Ocean in her angriest mood:
We could but linger—'twas a waking trance,
(We love her angriest and in solitude)
And as we marked a giant crest advance,
Knew the import of that last, eager glance
That deep into the soul its whisper tells:
"'Tis here, where angry Ocean toils and pants,
He rides supreme: and more 'twould seem He dwells
Than on the peaceful land, on Ocean's troubled
swells."

A Thoughtless Word.

A THOUGHTLESS, bitter word—too, half in jest,
Above the sea crests' breaking scarcely rang.
But, then, it pierced the heart by mine loved best—
Yea, pierced it with a needless cruel pang.
A starting, as the varying colors rise;
A dainty foot at toying with the sand;
An instant's look of questioning, sad surprise;
A failing gesture,—parted hand from hand.*

* "Was it not strange that I opened at the page on which was 'A Thoughtless Word.'? As I had that morning received one from a chance speech, it seemed as if every one of the lines gave utterance to my feelings."—*Letter from a lady, Dec.* 1876

"My story may be a lesson to eager mortals to mistrust the duration of any worldly enjoyment; as even the best cemented friendship, which I consider as the most precious of earthly blessings, is but a precarious one, and subject, like all the rest, to be blasted away in an unexpected moment, by the capriciousness of chance, and by some one of those trifling weaknesses, unaccountably engrafted even in the noblest minds that ever showed to what a pitch human nature may be elevated."—Baretti.

An Evening Walk.

WHEN twilight's softest breezes gently rise,
Bearing upon their course the clouds of fire,
And rarest, golden tints stain o'er the skies,
What peaceful, pensive moods the heart inspire!

When twilight's shades anon come softly stealing,
How soothing then alone to walk abroad!
While Nature sleeps, her every charm revealing,
Soon wins the weary heart to true accord.

When twilight's dark'ning pall at length descending,
Displays the glittering treasures of the night,*
Of orbs and constellations never ending,
How bows the heart before His power and might!

May that long twilight ever nearing, nearing,
Glow with such hues of hopes divinely fair!
May that last dark mysterious pall, when clearing,
Show Thy bright, guiding presence waiting there!

*——"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of thick gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings."

The Exile's Dream.

I DREAMED, last night, a dream; so sweet a dream
That all the day I could not think of else,
But gave my heart and mind their own free will
To turn, and yet to turn to those fair scenes
Through which my unrestricted spirit roved
When last I sank in sleep. 'Twas but a dream,
A fragment of that strange, mysterious life
Which we control not; and whose many parts
In unrelated parcels, make a whole
As real as life and motion. Can it be
That I have lived those hours—and yet have not?
That those dear moments have no length, no breadth,
And can return no more? Yes, 'twas a dream;
But, in my dream, and ever since I woke,
Such secret rapture has engrossed my soul
(Save that sad moment when I first awoke)
That I'll believe my dream was less a dream
Than something known and treasured. Thus I dreamed:—
There is in this broad land a beauteous scene
Unknown to many an eye, yet known to me
And to the lovely child who with me roamed
Its hillsides and its streamlets. How shall I

With my unskilful hand, set down the words
That best shall paint the graceful innocence
Of her, my young companion? She was fair,
More, she was beautiful; and from her beamed
The sunny rays of goodness—and how kind!
How diligently did she seek new ways
To prove to me she had her joy in mine,
And lived but to be near me. Loved I her?
There was no throbbing of my happy heart
But her least look commanded. And we lived
In this most happy valley. Wooded hills
On either side of a wide, shallow stream
Whose murmuring tones broke ever on the ear,
Rose in the sunshine; till at morn and eve
Deep shadows fell into the vale between:
But in the mid-day hours sunshine crept in,
Birds then awoke, and everything gave forth
A thankful song and blessed the happy spot.
  Beloved by her, and so beloved by me,
In this our vale the days went by untold.
One brightest morn, the sun but lightly touched
The mountain top, when my dear mate came forth
And bade me to a day of sylvan sports.
I made assent; and, as we onward strayed,
She shook the golden tresses from her face
Till smiles alone possessed it. Up the mount
We climbed until we saw the lakes and plains
That lay beyond. And she was glad to view
The shimmering meads, nor looked she heedlessly;

She drew new pleasures from them. Oft at morn
We'd stood upon that sun advancing peak
And viewed th'expanded scene with thankful words.
We turned again to seek the vale below,
Resting at brief and frequent intervals
To note some simple or familiar thing,
Until the day wore on and noon had come.
Then to the cool, clear stream that flowed along
We gladly came and whiled the noonday hour;
Bathing in its bright course our weary feet,
And laughing to its laughter. Day stole on,
And, through the hours of that soft afternoon,
We sought the shy and simple flowers that grew
By all save us unheeded; caught them up
And made a goodly store. I decked her robe,
Her noble head, her neck, until she seemed
A bank of snowy lilies and of bells.
Anon, she slept in trustful innocence:
She slept a too brief hour, while yet I watched
To shield her from the shadow of a harm,
Gazing on her pure face, and telling o'er
Each goodness and each kindness done to me.
When she awoke the day was waning fast;
And so she said, and said it enviously.
Still, hand in hand, we wandered on at will,
Almost lamenting that the sun should go,
Though many happy days seemed yet in store
To wander thus together. As the sun
Drew near the western hill, too soon to set,

This child, so near my heart, had left my side,
And leaning in a graceful attitude
Upon the trunk of a storm-stricken tree,
Seemed lost in a most pleasant thoughtfulness.
I waited till some moments had gone by,
Then softly neared the well-remembered spot,
And lightly kissed her shoulder. Laughingly
Her face she turned; uplifted her clasped hands,
And laying them about my bended neck,
Held me in her embrace—and I awoke,
(O wretched exile, parent, and thy dream!)
Most cruelly awoke! Darkness was there:
No fitter time to shed regretful tears.

Que cosa es Amor!

[From the Spanish of Juan de la Hoz Mota, 1659.]

LOVE comes not with the first-drawn breath;
Love is not for the hour of death;
Love is not for the heart that grieves—
Who thinks these love himself deceives.
To love! To love it all to feel;
To bid long-suffering o'er us steal.
Love is an anguish of the soul;
A feeling we cannot control;
A sense that while we suffer all
We'd not a single pang recall.*

*"Say, Stella, what is love, whose cruel power
Robs virtue of content and youth of joy?
What nymph or goddess, in what fatal hour
Produced to light the mischief-making boy?

"Some say, by Idleness and Pleasure bred,
The smiling babe on beds of roses lay;
There with soft honey'd dews, by Fancy fed,
His infant beauties opened on the day."—Miss Mul-

so.

Motherless.

ONE eve, in fancy's idle mood,
My listless way alone pursued,
A cry came low and clear.
It was, methought, the saddest sound
That ever yet its way had found
To an unwilling ear.

Ere then and often I had read
Of cruel wars, and havoc spread,
And varied tales of woe;
But turmoils, flaming fields, and slain
Brought to my bosom no such pain,
Nor dimmed my vision so.

Transfix'd, I listened if again
That cry should flutter—'twas in vain,
I only heard my heart.
I looked, and, lo! a stately pile
To cheer dark, orphaned childhood's trial
Essay'd the parent's part.

And yet, secure within that fold,
Unreconciled and uncontrolled,
Thus plead Affection's wants

E'en there, with every want supplied,
Some vision absent from its side
Some tender memory haunts.

I turned; and softly breathed a prayer—
That none endeared to me need share
Those hospitable walls:
That a tear stain'd and artless cheek
Should never there its pillow seek
As deeply darkness palls.

Alcibiades' Soliloquy.

SLEEP, my suggestive soul! nor longer force
The vexious labyrinth of years misspent!
Or, since thou wilt unsummoned yet discourse,
Let thy swift footsteps seek some happier bent.
Why shouldst not thou, as yon great orb of day,

*[Alcibiades, at the request of his grateful countrymen, leaves the scene of his successes in the East, and turns his triremo

Sink thy all-ruling state and find thy rest?
Than thee more kind he will not ever sway,
But woos repose in broad Argolis' breast;
Whilst thou, poor imitator of his prudent might,
Art not content to cast thy sceptre down
And grant thy weary subject a respite.
Why wilt thou stay Oblivion's gloom, and chain my
deeds to light?

My fate the morrow's certainty unfolds!
O Intimation, canst thou speak that fate?
That as the future's speechless veil uprolls
Unwonted pride may not this heart elate,
Or deep emotions to quick eyes attest
Its crowning passion. In my hungering ear,
That waits impatiently the banquet blest,
Is it decreed that happiest throngs shall pour
The loud acclaim; or shall I once more hear
The fatal murmurs of Charybdis' shore
That rests unmoved, as to its rude embrace
The winsome tide bears on the bark that soon no
eye may trace?

---

homeward. The night before the anticipated arrival at the port of Piræus, he reclines thoughtfully at the prow, gazing into the moonlit waters; while his heart is alternately filled with joy at his present prosperity, and depressed with doubts when he reflects that perhaps the calamitous Sicilian expedition and its consequences are yet remembered to his discredit.[

And thou, broad restless Ægean, e'en thy might,
Subdued by pale Diana's countless shafts,
Would say how Hope may pierce through Doubt's dark night,
To cheer the bark some blessed promise wafts
On to its haven. Yon bright pathway's gleam
(Fair harbinger of glory's rapturous way)
Would guide aright my proud ambitious dream,
And Retribution's stern alarm alay.
In the abyss this dark wide waste upbears,
Forever let Suspicion's impulse stray:
Whilst I, unshackled from o'erpressing cares,
Now gaze into its depths profound and crave the peace it shares.

Yet painting o'er that day of joy and dread
When the majestic fleet left Piræus' wall
And to Sicilian waters onward sped?
Or dwellst thou on Athena's sacred call?
The deep revenge my raging bosom plann'd;
Then to the foe, to seal my country's doom;
On to the haughty monarch's breadthless land;
There to entreat my birthright's deathless gloom?
True, reason came with power to attain
Its lost possession and its reign assume,
There to abide and hide the monstrous stain—
Say yon inconstant city's voice adjudge that compact vain!

Oh! let my feet th' inspiring bema press,
Where eloquence so oft usurped my tongue!
How yearned my heart its passion to caress,
When all unheard for Hermæ's crime 'twas rung!
Wrong shall be banished; right now claim her own:
And he who from a State's injustice fled
Shall hear his country praise—in sweetest tone
From all who first condemn'd. For who hath led
Her fleet triumphant? who hath ranged the band
'Neath her proud banner? These my cause have pled.
On, then, brave steed by Ægean zephyrs fann'd!
On, then, brave soul, fear not the voice of thine auspicious land!

Sonnet.

To Adelaide Lillian Neilson; died August 14th, 1880.

SWEET flower of Castile! plucked ere morning dew
Had vanished from thine every lovely part.
Just as we wore thee nearly to the heart
Came Death's rude hand to snatch thee from our view.
Oh, thou wert beautiful, and warm, and true,
And taught us what was best in poet's* art!
We mourn thee! mourn thee! every piercing dart
Strikes to the quick, and bids us weep anew.
With thee we've felt the soul's deep fonts awake,
Its tenderest and its stormiest chords have felt;
Have listened, breathless, to thy lightest word.
Oh, tell us if in forest, field, or brake,
There seen and known of men, hath ever dwelt
A rarer than this rare Arabian bird!

* "Never was poet truer to the highest truth of spiritual life than Shakespeare is when he invests with a certain ineffable

I Know A Secret Shore

I KNOW a secret shore and low—
Sequestered and well loved retreat!
'Tis there the rippling wavlets flow—
Down where the sea and rivers meet.

You'd say a spot so drear, apart,
So wild, companionless—alone,
Posess'd no sweet seductive art,
No gentle language of its own.

---

mournfulness—shadowy as twilight, vague as the remembrance of a dream—those creatures of his fancy who are preordained to suffering and a miserable death. Never was there sounded a truer note of poetry than that which thrills in Othello's, 'If it were now to die,' or sobs in Juliet's 'Too early seen unknown, and known too late.' It is the exquisite felicity of Miss Neilson's acting of *Juliet* that she glides into the deepest harmony with this tragical undertone, and with seemingly a perfect unconsciousness of it—whether prattling to the old *Nurse* or moving with a sweetly grave demureness through the stately figures of the minuet—is already marked off and set aside from among the living, already overshadowed by a terrible fate, already alone in the bleak loneliness of the broken heart. Striking the key-note thus, the rest follows in easy sequence. The ecstasy of the wooing scene, the agony of the final parting with *Romeo*, the forlorn tremors and passionate frenzy of the terrible night

Oh, yes! and often I have brought
From hurrying throngs oppressing cares,
And told them there; and there been taught
Content e'en fitful ocean shares.

The ocean! unalloy'd delight
To note each varying phase and change
Its face portrays of shade or light,
As zephyrs sweep or cloudlets range,

I love it for the friends I've made—
The laughing wave, and dark browed rock
In dripping robes of moss array'd
Secure from ocean's every shock.

---

before the burial, the fearful awakening, the desperation, the paroxysm, the death-blow which then is mercy and kindness—all these are in unison with the spirit at first denoted, and through these is naturally accomplished its prefigured doom. If clearly to possess a noble purpose, to follow it directly, to accomplish it thoroughly, to adorn it with every grace, to conceal every vestige of its art, and to cast over the whole work that glamour of poetry which ennobles while it charms, and while it dazzles also endears—if this is greatness in acting, then is Miss Neilson's *Juliet* a great work. It was followed last night with affectionate interest, it was hailed with frequent plaudits, it was crowned with flowers, it had the silent but eloquent tribute of tears. It will never be forgotten. Its soft romance of tone, its splendor of passion, its sustained energy, its beauty of speech, and its poetic fragrance are such as fancy must always cherish and memory cannot lose. Placing this beside *Imogen*

There, too, the seagull's piping notes
  Give to the waves a plaintive strain,
As homeless on the gale he floats,
  Or bosoms on the treacherous main.

Far distant be the unwelcome lot
  That bars from thence my hastening feet!
And may their imprints vanish not—
  Down where the sea and rivers meet!

and *Viola*, it is easy to understand the secret of Miss Neilson's extraordinary success. She satisfies for all kinds of persons the sense of the ideal. To youthful fancy she is the radiant vision of love and pleasure; to grave manhood, the image of all that chivalry should honor and strength protect; to woman the type of noble goodness and constant affection, a proud triumph and a shining exemplar; to the scholar, a relief from thought and care; to the moralist, a spring of tender pity—that so much loveliness must fade and vanish: childhood, mindful of her kindness and her frolic, scatters flowers at her feet; and age, which knows the thorny pathways of this world, whispers its silent prayer, and lays its trembling hands in blessing on her head."

The Complaint.

TORN from the bough,
Sped o'er the heath,
Where goest thou,
Poor withering leaf?
I cannot tell!
With unremitting stroke
The wind hath dashed our oak,
And chants my knell!

Soon life shall cease!
Now here, now there,
At his caprice
Borne on the air,
To plead were vain.
Submissively I sweep
By mountain top, or creep
Low in the plain!

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

"It is a curious coincidence that in a recent number of the EVENING POST there appeared, in the same column with the letter on Chêndollé and Byron, a piece of poetry, entitled *The*

E'er thus to be?
Unsparing lot!
Nor rest for me?
Oh, breathe it not!
As I must all—
The humblest herb that blows,
Dark laurel, fragrant rose,
Untimely fall ?

Complaint, by W. J. H., which is so strikingly like *La Feuille*, by Arnault, that I cannot forbear asking you to insert the latter.

C. S. B."

LA FEUILLE.

De la tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille dessechée,
Ou va-tu ?—Je n'en sais rien :
L'orage a brisé le chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien.
De son inconstante haleine,
Le zéphyr ou l'aquilon,

The Recluse.

YOUR hearts be for the Recluse unoppress'd:
Of all poor mortals calls he himself bless'd.
On no splenetic humor builds his hope,
But infinite as nature is its scope;
Within his breast installs a trustiest friend
His every act to censure or commend;
And, too, each secret motive quick reviews;
Nor every slight indulgence misconstrues;
The weight and worth of action e'er computes;
Restrains excesses and his harm disputes;
Upholds some cherished phantom to his gaze;
And gives an unsought radiance to his ways;
And lustre to each homely duty lends—
Renewing ever while its glow expends.
Felicity like this, unquestioned, pure,

Depuis ce jour mepromène
De la forêt a la plaine,
De la montagne au valon,
Je vais où le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer;
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier.

"[We submitted C. S. B.'s letter, together with others of like

Devised by reason, fashioned to endure,
The wisdom of his choice seems to attest,
And leaves no untilled field for vain request.
Attend the Recluse for his day's long round.
At dawn forth from his couch with joyful bound
To welcome coming day. The god of sleep
Bids speed him hence his wasteful watch to keep
O'er those enthralled by his alluring reign,
Which when confirmed he ever will maintain.
Released from bondage, on he takes his flight
Speeding the fading glories of the night;
Impatiently foretastes the lingering day,
Chiding the motive for his long delay.
A herald* comes anon, in robes of state,
To speak the orb's approach—resplendent, great;
Who spreads o'er earth a glittering, jewelled band,§
The princely tokens of a royal hand,
Ere yet he hastens on with generous stealth

* The Morning Star. § The dewdrops.

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import, to the author of *The Complaint*, and received the following note in reply.—Eds. Evening Post.]"

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

"I am amazed, and should be mortified at the storm (compared to which the experiences of my poor leaf were nothing) occasioned by the publication of *The Complaint*, were I not conscious of the innocent nature of the affront offered to your readers.

"I will submit my testimony, and you can then render the

To share with all his all-surpassing wealth.
On hies the wanderer in the happiest dawn;
Assumes as his the teaching of the morn;
Some clear-writ line perceives at every look,
Or takes some glad refrain from every brook;
Mayhap his thought recalls some well-conn'd text
Which at a time long past its course perplex'd,
But now has learned its excellence so well
That though unsummoned yet its tale will tell:
Thus on, till each accustomed trophy won,
He turns him homeward. See his day begun.
Now to his favorite haunt for dear converse—
The silent realm for theme prolix and terse
Traced o'er the living page. Then may awake
The long still'd voice that there its bonds can break
To fetch the buried ages from the tomb,
To breathe their airy nothingness, and bloom
With rising monarchs or with toppling king.
He views the swaying nations; hears the ring

---

verdict asked for by the Rochester correspondent, be it plagiarism or coincidence.

"I had somewhere read, a long time before, the French lines of Arnault, but had forgotten the circumstance of the reading and the author. The pleasure I derived at the time long lingered in my mind, but in the vaguest way; and I had before attempted to express in lines of my own the captivating and obvious idea of a homeless leaf, but I thought I had entirely forgotten the language of the French poem.

"That the first verse savors of plagiarism is too true, unfor-

Of myriad voices, or the deep despair
Of him whose every prospect once was fair;
The sanctimonious prelate and the saint
With holy pretence their vile deeds bepaint,
Abjuring His commands who set them there
To claim with sensuous courts dominion's share,
Or, their base passions on some land obtrude
Till loathsome things proclaim its solitude,
While their names shine with proud prefix adorned
And praises sung to those whom honor scorned.
But these are forms far banished to the past;
The dark'ning clouds that sunlit skies o'ercast;
The dull, mean clods the beauteous gem withold,
Which, when removed, its virtues more unfold.
A mighty phalanx stand the good and pure,
Whose fair ennobling tenets shall endure
Till earth and heaven are aged. These shall he call
To peaceful consultation. If befall

---

tunately for me: perhaps the remaining ones extricate me from a perilous position.

"'The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more.' W. J. H."

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

"The excuse which W. J. H. offers for his plagiarism of Arnault's *La Feuille* ought to be satisfactory to every one of any literary experience. He had read Arnault, and had fixed that author's idea in his own mind, but had forgotten that the language had at the same time been fastened in his memory. In other words, he was unconscious that the idea was inseparable from the language in which it was expressed. With a retentive

A mood to sorrow, profit, or to please,
He'll find some spirit with that mood agrees.
The day has flown, and 'tis his cherished hour.
He strays afar beneath the sky-pierced bower,
And feels how poor and lowly is his place
When measured by the endless span of space.—
From yon ethereal, vasty realm afar,
There comes a wearied ray: 'tis from a star

---

memory, he could not very well have called to mind Arnault's thoughts without reviving, to some extent at least, his words.

"I am reminded by W. J. H.'s experience of an incident which occurred not long ago in Boston, and which shows, like his case, that there may be such a thing as unconscious plagiarism; that a literary theft may be honestly committed, and that one may speak or write thoughts which he fully believes to be his own, but which are only the echos and reverberations of the thoughts and words of others which he has heard, and read, and admired, and adopted. A distinguished clergyman was accused of having, in a printed discourse, borrowed not only ideas but language from a clerical contemporary in a discourse also published. A comparison of the two publications sustained the charge substantially. But the explanation was wholly satisfactory. The offending divine had read his contemporary's discourse, as he had read whatever else was accessible that might aid him in the elucidation of his subject. The thoughts impressed him, and the language deepened the impression. And when, some time after, he came to embody the results of his investigation, he repeated as his own, with entire unconsciousness of the fact, what were really the thoughts and words of another. F. A."

By sweet Urania named. It murmurs not
Because, forsooth, it seemed an unkind lot
To set so fair an orb so deep in gloom
To innocently expiate some doom;
But those who've met its lone, estrangéd ray
Aver none purer in that heavenly way.

Worldling! ere thou adjudge the recluse' fate
Take to thy heart that absent wanderer's state.

Who Are the Missed?

WHO are the missed? the proud, the great*
Who wear an ostentatious name,
Before whom servile minions wait,
To sound their swiftly fleeting fame?

Oh, no; for when they sleep in death,
Within the vast Cathedral's walls,
Another'll come whose haughty breath
The minion to his feet recalls.

Who are the missed? the seer, the sage
Who long have spoken Wisdom's word?
Is it the hand whose thrilling page
A nation's sluggish heart has stirr'd?

* "It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day. They impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or was united to

Oh, no; the the thoughtful sage, the seer
Beneath the oft-times flattering stone
Shall briefly rest when shall appear
A voice to chant as pure a tone.†

Who are the missed? Yon rumbling wain
Its charge into the grave will thrust:
His careless comrades swell the train;
Will they remember, "Dust to dust!"?

Oh, no; though tottering, worn, and bent;
Though, too, his hair was white and thin,
They'll think not of his past ill spent,
Nor of his future to begin.

Who are the missed? Who will be missed?
Is it the child with senseless face,
Whose lifeless lips the mother kissed—
Left resting in the silent place?

---

them by any reciprocation of benefits and endearments. Thus it often happens, that those who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honor of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them."

† "The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

Oh, no; the wounded heart will heal;
  Another happy face will glow,
And in her joy she will not feel
  The sting of her departed woe.

Who are the missed? No more essay;
  Lay down the unavailing pen!
The missed fade like a dream away,
  And vanish from the thoughts of men.

Jessica.

JESSICA at the window stands,
A 'kerchief at her rare white throat.
She loiters there with folded hands,
While from her temples rich-hued bands
Luxuriant in the morning float.

She stays not long, perchance, but leans
A moment o'er the window-sill:
As if the charm of autumn scenes—
The reds and yellows, varying greens,
Into her willing eyes distill.

She goes! She comes again! so flits
Now to the window; now retires.
Her loveliness the morn befits,
And with a welcome cord enknits
And keeps the praise which it inspires.

Invitation to Eneas to tarry at Delos.

'TIS of Delos we sing, of that bride of the waters
Haply set on the crest of the soft Ægean wave.
How joyous the strain when Mnemosyne's daughters
Sing of Delos whose footstool the blue waters lave!

See! all Cyclades stand as in haste to embrace it:
'Tis to lovingly shield it from Boreas' wiles.
They his keen blasts have caught, that its charms
ever grace it;
By them borne his frowns, for it treasur'd his smiles.

Aphrodite's bold son! shun Ausonia's dominions
Where the swords now unsheathed to bright bucklers
resound;
Let thy flying steed rest, folded be her broad pinions,
'Tis for thee, at fair Delos, the banquet is crowned.

Harpies eye the askance; fell Cyclopean strangers
Now would wave thee to isles, favored, seemingly
fair.

"The sacred island of Delos is said to be (1885) entirely without inhabitants. The excavators from the French archæological school at Athens have found broken statuary on the island, but nothing of great importance."

Troubles lurk in their groves, in their atmosphere
dangers,
And the sirens are false as the smiles which they
wear.

The brazen beak turns not: cruel fate him
empowers.
On, then, tempt Sidon's queen with illusive delights!
O most god-like of men, borne from Ilium's towers,
Why range the sea longer when Delos invites?

Lines.

"The sense of death is most in apprehension."—M. for M.

WHEN wayworn and o'ertasked 'tis well for thee
To cast thy frame on downiest of beds
While wafts thy spirit o'er oblivion's sea,
Or takes some path which it, delighted, treads.
Did memory grieve—belike the grief's forgot;
Thy hope high winging—yet it upward dares;
If thou art humblest—now it frets thee not;
And here is rest for him of weightiest cares.
Would'st thou withhold from sleep's encircling arms
Because it sought thee with uncertain date?
Would wakefulness, environed by his harms,
Not seem to thee by far a sterner fate?
Since death's a dateless sleep, we need not dread
The dear employments of the happier dead.*

* "A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: and in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, he would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus to stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine that it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from

Song.

Knight of the Twelfth Century.

MY king is proud: his fleur-de-lis
Floats from his foeman's loftiest wall.
Saint Louis is the brimming pledge
In my ancestral hall!

My steed is proud: he gladly neighs;
His neck of gold in fealty curves;
He bears to list of knightly frays
The mailéd knight he serves!

My heart is proud: for Beauty's sake
I set this day a trusty lance;
I die; or on my breast I wear
The loveliest flower of France!

perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries."—ADDISON.

Essex and Elizabeth.

A NOBLE lady of the land
Lay 'neath a canopy.
"Oh, haste," she cried in fainting tone,
"And bring my queen to me;
And let me whisper in her ear,
With my expiring breath,
The secret that I dare not take
Into the realm of Death."

Thy brought the English maiden-queen;
They left them there alone.
The noble lady of the land
Spake then with faltering tone:
"Loved you not once a noble earl,
Proud Essex of the Tower,
And would you that I speak of him
And of his dying hour?

"You thought the happy bygone years
By him had been forgot;
You wondered that no missive told
Of his unhappy lot;

"Years before she had given him a ring, requesting him to send it to her in his hour of distress."

You thought to give the bauble him
Was but a trifling thing—
'Yet shall he die, if, in his pride,
He send me not the ring!'

"He sent the ring, poor maiden-queen,
He sent thy ring to thee—
'He'd kept it for his hour of need,
He'd loved it tenderly.'
He laid it in this faithless hand
And bade me swiftly fly,
To tell you if you loved no more
A faithful earl must die.

"I kept the jewel in my hand—
I was his enemy;
I kept his words within my breast—
I never told them thee.
He languished in a dungeon dark
To start at every tread;
Till on the low and cruel block
They laid his noble head.

"Now pardon, pardon, gentle queen,
My most unholy deed!
Now on thy finger place the ring
That knew his hour of need.
And let me hear thou canst forgive
Ere it be all too late:

I fain would have thee free my heart
From its deep-pressing weight

She ceased to speak. Why, queen, so pale?
And why thy glance of ire?
She wildly waves her hands above;
Her eyes are flashing fire:—
"And ye do well, most treacherous dame,
To die as this ye tell.
So 'twas by thy unrighteous hand
The noble Essex fell!

"Stay—stay, thou dying lady, stay!
These words are for thine ears.
Nor close thy wistful upturned eyes;
Look on these queenly tears.
I take thee with these tiger hands
From thy low bed of death;
I curse the very air thou drawst
With thy last, dying breath!"

O'er countess as o'er maiden queen
The hue of death o'erspread:—
"I hurl thee from me unforgiven;
Back to thy restless bed!
God may forgive thee: in His grasp
The heavens are but a span:
But by this ring and broken heart
I never, never can!"

The Recessional.

OF sweetest note the echoes float
From column's base to vaulted ceiling.
I see them there in silent prayer—
A throng in holy suppliance kneeling.

A moment more all will be o'er—
Each foot its homeward path be treading.
But let me dwell: this sacred swell
Its peace into my heart is shedding.

The lamps burn dim; the lingering hymn
Yet wavers,—and again I hear it.
Oh! when I die, if friend be nigh
It—it alone shall soothe my spirit.

Sonnet.

To Cromwell, on the death of his favorite daughter.

THOU mighty spirit, dauntless as the storm
That hurls from power some monster of decay.
Thy face is wan and turns in grief away;
And faster drop thy tears on that still form,
Whose palid cheeks tell of no life-blood warm.
How well thou lov'dst her! since in deadly fray
Thy thought could seek her at her careless play.
Or see her with her maiden graces charm.
What now are Dunbar, Wor'ster, Marston-field
Since what was dearer is no longer thine?
A Charles, a Rupert quell'd but idle breath;
Since like a captive thou thine all must yield.
How base the realms and titles kings resign
When measur'd by thy precious trophies, Death!

The Succession of Spring.

AURORA from her lofty, burnished car
Sees Morning's torch glow with diminished flame;
Bends to her steeds, points to the paling star,*
And links a warning with its goddess name.
E'en as she speaks descends the needful change;
The quivering nostril answers gleaming eye;
They pant again ethereal depths to range,
And wake the echos of the shadesome sky.
Up, up they wend from out the lambent east,
Driving huge tossing clouds of tardy pace;
Now feel the slack'ning rein, and spring, released,

*The Morning Star.

[This piece* was suggested by seeing a mythological painting on the ceiling of a theatre. The noble figure of Aurora driving a chariot is there represented as dispelling the clouds of night. The mission of Aurora is now presumed to be the displacement of Winter and the instalment of her new favorite—the infant, Spring.

*The following four pieces appeared in *The Evening Post*, New York, on the first days of *March* (1877), *June*, *September*, and *December* respectively.]

To toil the chariot through unmeasured space.
Aurora doth but note to bid them fly,—
So eager she to please a fresh desire;
Yet pity dims the lustre of her eye,
To burn again with an increasing fire.
For lo! she bears upon uplifted arms
A joyous infant whose celestial blush
Conveys the promise of expectant charms,
And shames the splendor of the morning flush.
Now stays the chase. She grasps a trembling wight.
Lampus and Phæton wheel, as with stretched hand
She plucks his garland, studded like the night,
And wills the infant's brow support the band.
He, laughing, shakes his locks its frosts to fling.
Thus Winter was despoiled to crown the youthful
Spring.

The Succession of Summer.

THROUGH the resplendent portal of the morn
The rosy goddess drives her car again.
The shining steeds, subdued, of passion shorn,
Press onward with the richly burdened wain.
Couched at the goddess' feet, in flowery chains,
A lusty captive now her thought implores,
And waits the answer to his ardent strains.
Along the ruddy vault the chariot soars,
To stay anon within a fragrant bower.
Now—now her lips the ready answer frame:
"O youth, once joyous Spring, near is the hour—
The hour that parts thee from a potent name!"
With the response behold from out the night,
Of gracious aspect and of noble mien,
A presence come to charm his ravished sight

---

* Again Aurora drives her chariot up from the brightening east, accompanied by Spring who now, in turn, must be deposed. Summer by appointment awaits the arrival and greeting of her patron. Aurora gently but firmly removes the crown from the sorrowing boy, and places it upon the brow of Summer whose reign therewith begins.

And pay an homage to the morning Queen.
Aurora folds her in a close embrace,
And, turning from the suppliant's earnest gaze,
"For thee alone I may this crown displace;
Be thine the care of thrifty, fruitful days."
Then o'er the prostrate boy she lingering bends,
Ere from his locks the changeful crown she tears,
And to his gaze her laden hand extends;
Then to a beaming front the bauble bears.
The stripling veils his grief; accepts the vow.
Thus was young Spring despoiled to deck fair
Summer's brow.

The Succession of Autumn.

WAKE! sluggish Day, your eastern gate's ajar.
Aurora comes,—O beauteous queen of Morn!
With measured pace the steeds propel her car,
Oppressed with store of fruit and golden corn.
Within her gracious and encircling arm
Fair Summer gazes on the straining steeds,
With pensive eyes full of the nameless charm
That springs from thought of bounteous, goodly deeds.
On toils the chariot to the dusky wood,
To stay at motion from uplifted hand.
Then speaks the goddess: "All thou wrought'st is good;
Yet, must I take again the magic wand.*

* In the inevitable progress of the year it becomes necessary for the Queen of the Morning to again change the presiding Season. The reign of Summer has been rich in good results, and a successor to her is sought with reluctance. The chariot wends its way to a wood where Autumn awaits its approach, in expectation of the coming honor.

Forth, Autumn, forth! now 'tis for thee to reign:
Put on thy tinted robe; thy frosts distil;
Spread colors on the wide, o'erteeming plain,
And with thy finger touch the verdured hill!"
She speaks; and from the silent, dark'ning shade
A presence comes in richest mantle clad,
Whose fitting homage to the queen is made,
With tears for Summer—desolate and sad.
Aurora must not heed: the wreath's unbound;
On brow benignant now 'tis set. Behold
Who shares the burnished car, her beauty crowned,
As morning rends the misty veil of gold;
And who departs with troublous sigh restrained!
Thus Summer was despoiled, and glorious Autumn
reigned.

The Succession of Winter.

AND now the vap'rous east begins to glow,—
A token that the Morning queen is near;
Now widening tints of pearl and sapphire show;
Now beams of splendor guide the charioteer.
Why slowly rides the Queen? why bows her head
As if for grieving piteous cause she had?
Aurora mourns for Autumn, who is dead,
And fitly comes in sombre garments clad.
The trembling steeds, with cautious step and slow,
And backward turning of reluctant eyes,
Propel the burnished car through frost and snow,
And much lament warm Orient's softer skies.

Autumn, wanting in the spirit and vitality of her predecessors, expires at the termination of her reign. Aurora mournfully directs the funerals upon the snowy waste. As a last and necessary act she lifts the crown from the lifeless brow, thoughtless as to its future disposition. At this instant, Winter, with a vivid recollection of the manner in which he had been deprived by youthful Spring of the emblem of power, stealthily draws near, seizes upon it, and escapes to form his plans.

"Speed, Lampus, speed! nor thou, good Phæton,
yield!"
It is the sorrowing goddess gently calls,
"Upon the tablet of the whitening field
I would proclaim the solemn funerals!"
Who can the rosy goddess' will withstand?
Her chariot rests amid the frozen plains:
One hand her face doth veil; her sceptre-hand
Lifts Autumn's crown. Soft! decked in glittering
chains,
A spectre comes with crafty, silent pace:
He steals upon the goddess unbeknown,
She heedeth not, so lowly droops her face.
He grasps the crown; he wears it for his own;
With mocking laugh the naked wood regains!
Thus Autumn was despoiled—and ruthless Winter
reigns.

The Fish-hawk.

'TIS a mid-summer day*, and I
Recline upon a grassy lea;
Looking into the azure sky
Whose fleecy clouds look back to me.

Beside and near me is the lake;
On it the shadows come and go;
Its waves in gentle ripples break,
And musical their constant flow.

The pleasant hours by happy chance
Glide onward to declining day,
When, as I turn, I see advance
A speck from out the far-away.

Each instant doth it grow apace;
Each instant, too, a thing of flight:
And now upon his course I trace
The fish-hawk wh eling in the light.

* One summer day, in 1880, the author was much delighted in watching the evolutions of a large fish-hawk. The bird seemed to resign himself to inclinations of the hour, and soared in all the joy of liberty, strength, and motion.

How grandly on he comes! discerns
  At length, his prey in waters deep;
How rises—falls—how quickly turns
  To part the cloud his pinions sweep!

He notes his prey! that prey eludes
  The quick descent! Above, at length,
Within his vapory solitudes
  He summons all his tireless strength.

And then, as seized with sudden doubt,
  Himself into the sky he flings.
Within my sight—and now without
  He cleaves the air with moveless wings.

He fades away; he comes again;
  He comes again—to fade away;
He darts like lightning to the plain
  And dashes high the sparkling spray!

He rises! In a close embrace
  He grasps the finny spoil he sought;
Then hastens to the trysting place
  As quickened by a single thought.

In crumbling ruin, where he woo'd,
  Awaits him now the trusting mate.
His coming glads the hungering brood,
  Nor longer leaves it desolate.

When I am Lowly laid to Rest.

WHEN I am lowly laid to rest,
Oh, let it—let it be
Within the sound of curling crest;
And be the dirge I love the best
Sung by the moaning sea.
And let it be so very near—
My grave the sea beside,
That I may be (when they shall hear
How low I lie and they were dear)
Bewept by every tide.

And listen not if one should say:
"Within this quiet vale
'Twere best he dream the hours away,
Lull'd by the brooklet's simple lay
And sheltered from the gale."
Above the brooklet's voice would sound
My never ceasing sighs!
For never near its peaceful round
Could happy rest for me be found
Beneath its silent skies.

Or if thy friend, with eye impearled,
  Point to the mountain bleak,
And say: "His feet, when rudely whirled
The tempest and its lightnings hurled,
  That spot were wont to seek."
Believe thou mayst; and yet, forfend
  To delve my humble bed.
I should not sleep though tempest rend
The agéd oak, and cypress bend
  Low to my restless head.

Oh! lay me here: I'd only dwell
  With my belovéd main.
Beneath the silvery moon we tell
The secrets that we love so well—
  To tell them o'er again.
And be it very, very near—
  My rest the sea beside—
That I may be (when they shall hear
How low I lie and they were dear)
  Bewept by every tide.

Sonnet.

THERE is an attribute of nameless gauge
That Stoic may repel—cannot refute;
Philosophy essay—nor yet compute:
Its virtue this—perennial. Through each age
It curbs the savage and corrects the sage
(Whose inconcinnities, whose schemes astute
Corrupt their reasons) who esteem its fruit
Which if but plucked matures at every stage.
Man may protest,—he never can despise
The tempting flavor of its wholesome cheer.
If now unbless'd, yet blesséd memories rise,
And rise to soothe, be whatsoe'er his sphere.
Its home the heart; its beacon fire, the eyes.
Affection 'tis—that gift without compeer.

The Matins Bell.

THE matins bell! awake, Sleeper, awake!*
Ere shall be heard
The first shrill signal of awakening bird,
If thou hast err'd,
Out in the breaking morn thyself betake!

The matins bell! its music asks, "Why doubt?"
It claims thy prayer.
The sky's aflame; dews gleam. Neath it repair;
And, trustful, bear
Midst earth's uplifted praise *thy* prayer devout!

Its melodies have died; its tongue is still'd!
Will't come again?
Oh! pr'ythee, ere the sun gild spire and pane,
Annul that stain;
And walk the day, thy soul with rapture fill'd!

* "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

On Contentment.

*Horace : Ode 1, Book 3.

FROM him of low desires, uncared to rise,
My soul revolts—from him I turn my eyes.
In silence listen, words unheard before,*
Ye youths and maidens, in your ears I pour.
Dread sovereigns o'er their subjects have control;
The kindred giants Jupiter extol,
Who with his nod the realm of Nature shakes,
And at whose glance the haughtiest Titan quakes;
Because, forsooth, this man in goodly row
Beholds in thrifty bloom his forests grow,
He lays his claim to nurture well the state:
The second protests—argues happier fate
From him within whom growing honor lies—
And his own worth and virtue loudly cries:
The third prefers his right—to long contend,
And boasts how myriads on his store depend.
But Fate, by all-impartial, fixéd laws,
Revolves the urn, each name unbiased draws.
How can that man his revelling hours enjoy
When hangs a sword with purpose to destroy?
Can the Sicilian dainties relish bring

* "Of all men who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardor of his

If o'er his brow the deadly dagger swing?
The tuneful lyre, the birds with soothing songs
Bring not the soft repose for which he longs.
  Sleep to the peasant is a frequent guest,
And in his cottage loves to linger best:
If at the dawn he fly his barless doors,
At eve returns from Tempe's zephyred shores.
He with a competence assur'd, possessed,
Views the tempestuous sea, nor feels distressed:
Arcturus in his wrathful fury sets,
Yet in his heart no anxious doubt begets.
No vineyard he to tempt the ruthless hail;
No waving fields to droop before the gale;
No fruitful lands with bounteous rains submerged,
Or else by rays from fiery planets scourged.
The swift finn'd tribes that mighty waters range
Behold the sea's foundations ever change:
And lordly man, disdainful of the land,
Sends down the chosen hirelings of his band;
Yet apprehension n'er forsakes his mind—
Care mounts the galley as the knight behind.
  Since, then, nor Phrygian block, nor gay attires
Bring the contentment that my soul desires;

---

hopes, that they often are equal to actual enjoyment; and he feels more in expectance than in actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him;

Falernian wine, nor yet the Persian herb
Drown not the troublings that my hours disturb,
Shall I some lofty edifice erect,
Since I the breath of envy must expect,
With peerless column, modern taste adorned,
To hear my motive and its beauty scorned?
Why give contentments of my Sabine vale
For troubles oft possessèd wealths entail?

To a Friend.

FRIENDSHIP, thou phantom or a dream!
Sweet fancy of an idle hour!
How welcome thy professions seem,
And fragrant as the tenderest flower!

Friendship, thou bubble rich in hue
That on the summer air is borne!

---

he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

"It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done if a man knew how little he can do! How wretched a creature would he be if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity."—Goldsmith.

Is thy bright substance ever true?
Would'st glow of thy pretences shorn?

Friendship, thou calm, unruffled lake!
'Twould seem that thou must ever sleep:
Yet, should the gentlest zephyr wake
Would'st thou that fleeting promise keep?

With such poor, undeserving arts
Doth transient Friendship's shows beguile:
A glow the summer day imparts,
But shuns the adverse, wintry trial.

Then how complacently I view
Thy friendship—firm, unshaken, sure;
Since passing years have told how true,
And changeless it can be and pure.

Should calm contentment guide my thought
And symbols in my features trace,
I ever found, when there I sought,
Their quick reflection in thy face.

And, when with cares and doubts beset,
I free my proud, imperious will,
Thou dost not spurn me then, but, yet,
Thou shed'st a tear—and lov'st me still.

Constancy.

THE night, for promise spread,
Lies darkly clouded;
The river's throbbing thread
Flows deeply shrouded;
The vault with starry gems engrained,
The orb that in her beauty waned,
In gloom are dying!
For night and flood, for orb and stars
The winds are sighing.

* * * *

Blest harbinger to save,
The winds are veering!
From flood and starry nave
The mists are clearing!
The orb with beauteous crescent dipp'd,
The dancing wavelets, silver-tipp'd,
Are ever vieing.
Within my soul, O Constancy,
Dream not of dying!

Strike, strike the Harp

STRIKE, strike the harp with lightest finger:
Again that mystic chord awake!
There's something, something that will linger
After its waves of music break.

Minstrel,* what happy moment brought thee
Where Music's votaries most dwell?
Minstrel, whose friendly hand hath taught thee
To strike responsive chords so well?

Stay! did I not, enwrapt, bewondered,
First hear that chord by Capri's† shore?
And breathes it not of spirits sundered?
Oh, minstrel, wake that chord no more!

Yet on the midnight air 'twill tremble,
Rising the mellow rays above:—
Minstrel! that strain cannot dissemble—
Thou strik'st the chord of hopeless love!

* "In truth he was a strange and wayward wight
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;

Sonnet.

WHEN on my brief existence I reflect,
There seemeth made a safer path of joy
Than idly resting and the hours employ
With thought of past and future. I detect,
If I of dearest times past recollect,
A shadow mingling in unasked alloy—
'Tis that they are no more: and if I toy
With those that yet await me, I suspect
Inquiet longings. But if I, secure
In present hours, do their good exact,
My happiness is husband'd to endure;
And through my life I blessings may protract.
By this, it seem'th to me, my hours assure
Tranquility the others surely lacked.

Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wished not to control."—*The Minstrel*, BEATTIE.

† "A rocky but beautiful island in the Mediterranean, near the city of Naples. The whole circuit of the island does not ex-

The Wager.

SUEVIAN! bring the shameful chain
For my hands,—my heart has fled!
Bind this too strong arm again—
Its pulseless current is not dead:
The flame my bold sire's deeds intrenched
Within this bosom brightly burns:—
Would my dark destiny had quenched
The fate my spirit spurns! *

Comrade! I thought to win thy gold;
But, comrade, all I have is thine;
And more besides, a thousand fold—
For gold I waged myself divine.
For idle hours I sought it not:
The mountain doth reward my toil:
I thought to bless a fair one's lot,
And deck her with thy spoil.

---

ceed nine miles; but this narrow space is wonderfully crowded with a variety of scenic beauty, remains of antiquity, and historical recollections."

* "Their debts of honor were discharged with the utmost fidelity. The desperate gamester who had staked his person and liberty on the last throw of the dice, submitted to the decision of fortune and suffered himself to be bound and sold into remote slavery by his weaker but more successful antagonist."

Northman! take this eaglet's plume:
  Thou shalt lead my chosen band,
Exalted chief. Helvetia's doom—
  To languish in a stranger's land.
Yet from thee one last boon I crave;
  That easier may my bondage seem:—
In the fierce onset let it wave;
    There let its pinions stream!

Warrior! when from our frozen North,
  At signal from that fluttering crest,
Her fair unnumbered sons steal forth
  O'er Danube's spotless, frozen breast,
I'll listen to her muttering sound†
  While dazzling sunbeams glance:
Then a proud freeman's heart shall bound,—
    I'll claim my plume and lance!

† Referring to the detonations to which large areas of ice give rise when slightly disturbed.

The Twilight Hour.

WHEN tumultuous day, soon flown
With his thronging, boisterous train,
Wrapt in roseate-hued disguise,
Paints the sky with dantiest stain,
When the gentle zephyrs rise,
Be that hour thine own.*

'Tis the hour of calm repose;
Tranquil influences breathe;
Then each passion sinks to rest;
And hope's frailest tendril-wreath,
Crushed till then within the breast,
Upward coyly grows.

* "For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquility; and I affirm that tranquility is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest."—*Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Unimpassioned, thou'lt review
  Many a needless word outspoken;
Deeds that then seem veriest madness;
  Tenderest friendship all but broken;
And once more, with sense of sadness,
    All thy vows renew.*

Watch through twilight's soft decline;
  See the future's thread unrolled;
Keep the hour that seemeth lonely,—
  'Twill to thee thy worth unfold:
Fellowship'd with conscience only,
    Guard that hour as thine.

* "Then came Peter to him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven."

Immortality.

I WOULD not, and I need not think
That he who me my being gave
Will quench it at th'appalling brink
That walls about the shadowy grave.

Nay! nay! not so; each sense rebels;
My tongue rejects the painful words,—
My spirit that each planet tells?
That courses like the flight of birds?

It seems endued for endless time—
Eternity were not too much.
My spirit as the changeful clime?
Oblivion in an autumn touch?

Yon cloudlet on the mountain's brow
And I, must ours be kindred fates?
It hangs a moment there—and now
In space forever dissipates.

---

* "'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

No! longer than the burning sun
Shall live the better part of me:
He wastes, his measured journey done;
I am for all eternity.

A Una Muchacha.

[From the Spanish of the Conde de Norona, 1815.]

MY face a palid hue assumes
If on Leyla* I but gaze;
And Leyla's in instant blaze
With blushes of the red rose blooms:—
As if the burning, ruby stream
Should from my heart quite flow away,
And to her beating heart should stray,
And on her timid cheek should gleam.

* [Pronounced and measured, *Lay-e-lah.*]

Arsinoe.

NEAR Rome. In its splendor the day is declining;
They have led forth the fair Alexandrian maid.
There she rests, like some statue, in pensive repining,
Gazing deep down in Tivoli's foaming cascade.*

They mercifully leave her: so, kindly befriending,
They mercifully leave her,—O unspeakable bliss!
There they leave her alone, with emotions contending,
Nor could friendship devise kinder favor than this.

Above her are palaces loftily towering
In settings of glittering, unmatched colonnades;
But she heedeth them not: 'tis in Tivoli's showering
That her soul seems enwrapt—'mid the bright
rainbow shades.

---

*The author having seen a painting on a teacup, representing a maid, in a reflective attitude, gazing upon the falls of Tivoli near Rome, and also having about the same time read the story of Arsinoe, it occurred to him to draw the figure as Arsinoe deploring the shame she must suffer on the morrow from walking in Cæsar's triumph; and resolving to appeal to Cæsar to spare her the disgrace—and appealing with success. Readers of history, however, will recollect that he did not excuse her. This instance shows how little foundation in fact is requisite to rear a

O'er its ivy-clad rampart she bends in her dreaming.
Now some thought, for its recompense, wins a faint smile:
She hath seen in rude Tivoli's torrent, far gleaming,
Some resemblance that mocks her own languishing Nile.
Oh, unhappy transition! 'tis the tempest foretelling
Of tears and of sighings would she now might restrain;
For her thought on that deed of the morrow is dwelling—
When to grace the great triumph she wears captive chain.

---

structure in verse. It may not be amiss to mention now that many of the selections (written for publication in various places) had their origin in some such circumstance; and that it must not be inferred that the range of subjects discloses the experiences of the author. He is generally an impersonal factor in them: therefore, for example, the reader will not suppose that he has lost all his friends as premised in *The Vine of Palestine*; or has suffered such a distress as is intimated in *Unreconciled*.

In Hirtius's *Commentaries* the following note is found: "Cæsar subsequently brought Arsinoe to Rome to grace his triumph, but perceiving that the populace felt compassion for the youthful princess, did not imprison her or put her to death (the usual dark scene that clouded the triumphs of the Roman generals), but restored her to freedom. She was afterward slain by Cleopatra, who, being desirous of having the sovereignty of Cyprus, which she held in common with Arsinoe, prevailed on Marc Antony to sacrifice her to her ambition."

"Can he ever be thus? bears that heart no relenting?
Oh, lead me to Cæsar; I will deign to implore:
He will weep in compassion; then in pity consenting,
Say 'tis sweeter, far sweeter than triumph in store."

* * * * *

'Tis near Rome: and again as the day is declining,
Far adown gushes Tivoli's foaming cascade;
And the one who dreams there, nor yet dreams of repining,
Is the fair and unshamed Alexandrian maid.

The Isles of the Blessed.

SAY, where are the far and the famed blesséd
isles, *
Where the voice of the murmuring water beguiles,
And the voyager's ever at rest;
Where music's the song of the guardian seas,
Gently borne on the tale-bearing wings of the breeze,
Oh, where are the Isles of the blessed?

Just beyond—where uplifted the great Pillars tower,
Ever loiters Atlanticus' vigilant power,
Lurking low in remorseless quest:
If I knew not his name and how fatal his wiles,
Enticed by his azurine hue and his smiles,
I should seek for the Isles of the blessed.

Perchance 'neath yon dreaded and frown-bearing
height,

---

*"The early Greeks, as we learn from Homer, placed the Elysian fields, into which favored heroes passed without dying, at the extremity of the earth, near the river Oceanus. In poems later than Homer, an island is spoken of as their abode, and though of course its position was indefinite, the poets, and the geographers who followed them, placed it beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Hence when certain islands were discovered in the Ocean, off the west coast of Africa, the name of *Fortunatae Insulae* were applied to them."

Undaunted some bark takes her perilous flight,
By the winds and the waters caressed.
Oh, happy that intrepid, unbaffled prow!
Oh, happy that bold, wayworn mariner now
Swiftly nearing the Isles of the blessed.

Entrancing the scenes that his quick senses fill
As unchecked, unrestrained, deep in vale, over hill,
His swift flying footsteps are pressed.
Could a scene ever fairer than this prospect rise—
The sounds, the dark verdure, the fragrant-swept skies
Of these famed, blesséd Isles of the blessed?

Shall Conflict's dire din, be it never so rude,
These lone, peaceful latitudes dare to intrude,
To jar on his now fancied rest?
Shall cold Envy chill the friend once held so near,
Or grim Slander's pale apparition appear
In these far away Isles of the blessed?

Oh, haste, blesséd Islander! surely wing back
Some token to guide through thine own furrowed track,
Be it ever the east or the west;
That I undismayed, truly searching my chart,
May find—O sweet bliss!—in its happiest part,
The fortunate Isles of the blessed.

Sonnet.

COME, doubter, climb with me yon dizzy peak.
* * *
Thy gaze to'rd distant Ocean first be bent;
Then nearer, scanning Nature's wide extent,—
And what behold'st? "Bright rivulets that eke
That ocean; in woods of vocal tone seek
Happiest inmates; of wondrous hue and scent
Bloom beds of flowers; the fields in colors blent
Stretched to immensity: all good bespeak.
Some hand to deftly limn these do attest,
Too, of exhaustless skill; these proof upbear
Of intellect untold. Whose hand else drest
The wave in silver, decked the hued parterre,
Or taught the rhythm the vocalist expressed?"
Such handiwork an All-Wise doth declare.†

† "All thy works praise thee, O Lord."

The Death of the Oriole.

WE mourned him by the oak-land way,
At wandering time through field and wold,
Where in his loveliness he lay,
His music-breathing bosom—cold.†

What need? why should the hunter's shaft
Make such the victim of its blight?
Who dream d a zephyr's breath could waft
So dread a missile in its flight?

Poor injured birdling! we deplore
Thy timeless fate. Thy part in life
Was through cerulean realms to soar,
Apart from this unheedful strife.

What lowly object here of harm
With specious pleading won thine eye?
To teach thee for thy every charm
The world's return to thee—to die.

† "I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—COWPER.

Would'st not, if might'st, poor wanderer, say
  Of those whose refuge was thy breast?
Bereft, in some deep vale away,
  Some Vale of Tempe pure and blest.

And how may he whose hurtful hand
  Could spoil them of their birthright dower,
Presume, when he, too, nears the strand,
  To ask the tokens of His power

For those whose accents are his joy,
  With smiles responsive to his own;
And for their sure defense employ
  The parting suppliant's anxious tone?

Psalm Cxxvi.

WHEN 'neath the Babylonish skies
We dared to lift our tearful eyes,
And saw thy face serenely beam,
Lord, then we were of those who dream. *

Then were our mouths with laughter filled,
And joy our anxious bosoms thrilled;
The heathen cried in their dismay,
Why lead the captive host away?

——"And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream', I thought yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head. * *

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke: she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"—*The History of Henry Esmond*, THACKERAY.

Oh, wondrous! how Thy mighty deeds
More than suffice for mighty needs!
Though we were naked, faint, and sad,
Thy present care hath made us glad.

When in captivity we burned,
Thy hand the lash of bondage turned;
As banished Kedron southward flows,
So, Lord, again divert our woes.

That we may say, Though we in tears
Have toiled a tedious span of years,
Our days, yet, Lord, shalt thou employ
To reap where we have sown in joy.

Let him who goeth forth to weep
A store of precious seedling keep!
He shall return with golden grain,
And peace abide with him again.

My Mate and I.

WE come, my mate and I, belate!
She wears a blossoming robe of state;
See, too, what wealth of bloom and health
She's borrowed from each flower and elf:—
Released from chains, we saw the light
Subdue the long forbidding night.

O, it was then so radiant when
We heard the soul-outpouring wren:
"My joy be thine; O, come and twine
In gay festoons each spraying vine;
The bellflower sways by airs caressed;
The eglantine in beauty's drest!"

In yonder glade we long delayed
To note the spoil the Hyblæn made:—
O life of bliss! would mine were this—
To every other care remiss;
To rove forever, and to sip
Such fragrance from the jessamine's lip.

We come, my mate and I, belate!
We but the morrow's coming wait:

To call no need; for we shall speed;
Our pathway 'll be the flowering mead;
And shades will even deeper lie
Ere homeward we—my mate and I.

Ayesha.

AYESHA, when the dread sand sea
Us its billow rolls between,
Guard, with sometime thought of me,
This fair rose of Damascene.

Share with it the dawn's first thought;
Forth, when Orient's splendors rise;
Haste thee, that its pride be taught
Glories more than his—thine eyes. *

By thee, 'neath the fervid ray,
Be its drooping form o'erdewed;
So its lapsing life shall stay,
To enduring beauty wooed.

* "The youth, the spirit, the beauty of Ayesha, gave her a superior ascendant: she was beloved and trusted by the prophet; and, after his death, the daughter of Abubeker was long revered as the mother of the faithful."—GIBBON.

And when evening shades appear,
  Linger, that in loneliness
Fancy's boding, phantomed near,
  N'er its fainting strength oppress.

Then should words of kind intent
  O'er its state from thee outpour,
Bless'd as cry of muezzin sent
  To Natolia's faithful shore,

Comes then hastening Ayesha's sigh,
  Saying, "Nay! thy heart's true queen
Kinder, since thou art not by,
  Loves thy rose of Damascene!"

The Muezzin.

HEARD'ST thou a cry from Byzas' * turret walls
Floating unsullied in the holy hush?
It is the muezzin's warning voice that falls
On thine attentive ear; 'tis while the rosy blush
Of the soft evening lingers. Hark! he calls
The prayerful Moslem from the toil and rush
Of day's eventful scenes: he stops and kneels,
While to his heart the grateful missive steals.

Over swift-flowing Bosporus it flutters,—
See! the barbarian holds his dripping oar:
He notes the cry the distant muezzin utters,
And stays his hand to learn its meaning more.
His ear is all untaught: he turns and mutters,
"Strangely 'twould sound by Tyras' wooded shore!"
Then to his task with sturdier sinew bends,
As his rude prayer with the proud Moslem's blends.

The tawny sheik looks down from Uskudar;
Amazement, awe, and joy the scene begets.
He thinks it naught that he has journeyed far,
As he tells o'er a thousand minarets.

---

*An early name for Constantinople.

Hark! now above the sound of lute, guitar,
Winning his thought from glittering spire and jet,
The muezzin's call dies on the evening air;
His face turns to the skies—he clasps his hands in prayer.

The muezzin's holy call, it gilds the morn,
Soothes at noon-tide, and solaces at eve;
It ebbs and flows by stately Golden Horn;
And dies at last where Euxine's billows heave.
The felon sad down sluggish Ister borne,
Scorned of the prophet, when night's shadows weave,
Sinks in his clanking chains: Hope's star is dim;
He knows the muezzin's voice speaks not to him.

Delight of Istamboul! thine eyes burn brightly,
And richer bloom thy cheeks than damask rose;
Thy bosom bears its store of joys so lightly,
Thou heed'st not Love, but triflest with his woes;
Yet bends thy knee at morn, at noon, and nightly—
It is as forth Sophia's music flows;
As through the ambient air, of liquid notes
The muezzin's wonted call to prayer floats.

Muezzin! men call thee blest. Oh, when alone
In the deep night or yet more lonely day,
Thou hark'nest to thy far-receding tone,
And marvel'st that the sportive echos play—

What then the many thoughts that are thine own?
'Tis not unhallowed pride thy cheeks betray!
As well thy voice in palaces may reign
As o'er the homeless of the star-lit plain.

June the 22nd.

EXQUISITE draperies hanging in the west,
Of purple, yellow, and the warmest red.
Long journeyed he who burning sank to rest.
"Tell me what day is this so sweetly dies?
Comes such another? too, too soon 'tis sped!"
In answer whisper, while the soft dark eyes
Turn from the colorings of the western skies,—
"Year's longest, fairest, happiest day is dead!"

The Battler.

THE Battler* gazed the table round;
Then fell his heavy hand:—
"Now, by the Tomb and by the Cross,
The Moor shall leave this land:
I nightly vow it in my dreams;
I swear it when I waken:
The Infidel shall fly this realm—
Toledo town be taken!"

Then brighter grew each liegeman's eye,
And darker grew each frown,
As breathing forth his haughty threat
The Battler sat him down.
Dead silence reigned within the hall,
As filled each ruby cup;
Then right, then left each grandee gazed,
And to his feet sprang up:—

"Now in the name of our Castile,
Now by my kingly name,

*[The power of the Moors in Spain began to decay about the middle of the 11th century. The Christians, under Alfonso, "the battler," took Castile and its capital, Toledo. In this piece Alfonso is supposed to preface his campaign with a supper. He

It was for this with ringing hoof
My fiery charger came!
If truth thou speak'st, by plume and spur,
The dusky Moor shall rue
The hour he spurned his desert home
And crossed yon sea of blue!"

Deep, deep they drink: the battler now
Pushed far his chair of oak,
To clasp with iron clasp each hand;
'Twas thus again he spoke:
"Ere set of sun, at morrow eve,
A puissant horde shall near;
They go to greet Toledo rock
With banner, strain, and spear!"

Out boldly spake Gallacia's son:
"From snowy fastness I!
Than not to draw a freeman's breath
'Twere better far to die:
We are a numbered band and brave,
Nor long may stay the shock,
But let us keep at morrow eve
Toledo's guardian rock!"

"'Tis well!" the Battler cries, "'tis death!
Get each man to his shrine;

---

concludes it by bidding each man repair to his favorite shrine to renew his resolutions and ardor; and himself seeks the retreat of his child for this purpose.]

And ask, with fervid prayer, a charm,—
As I'll away to mine:
I'll bid my charger to it straight,
Deep in the wood confined;
I speed a score of leagues this night
Of beating rain and wind!'

The visor hides his burning eye;
He turns upon his heel:
Across the court and swinging bridge
Is heard the ringing steel.
He flies, and all unreined he knows—
That gallant steed he rides!
H'll bear the Battler to a shrine
With long and trusty strides.

On, on (so hours) 'neath roaring top
Of leaf and sighing bough.—
That untired steed has checked his flight;
The shrine's before him now.
The Battler's hand's upon the door,—
What is't his eyes shall greet,
That gives his eyes a softer light,
His heart a quicker beat?

The Battler's little daughter 'tis,
Deep hidden in the wold!
A menial's watchful care is she,
With mother-care untold.

He knows that she must sweetly sleep—
As when he's gazed before,
To lend his arm that ardent strength,
A deadlier name to war.

With folded arms yet ponders he
Where long the lashes rest;
Bends low to meet the rising prayer
By parting lips express'd:—
"Jesu! when in the lonely night
My father rides afar,
That harm befall him not, I pray
He be as angels are!"

A falling tear from Battler's eye
The rounded cheek alarms:
An instant—and that childish form
Sways in the warrior's arms.

* * * * *

Through darkling wood, through bridgeless stream
Cries out the stern appeal:
"Come forth with Battler, comrades all,
We conquer for Castile!"

To Licinius Murena.

HORACE : Ode 10, Book 2.

LICINIUS, life's ocean you may tempt,
If you with prudence shall its paths explore : *
Guide not your bark where perils n'er exempt,
Nor yet, too timorous, press the threatening shore.

There is a path; in it you safely dwell—
The placid current 'twixt the chafing strands;
The virtuous mean that shuns the hermit's cell,
Nor asks the palace envied greatness plans.

Th' aspiring pine first met the whirlwind's rage;
The loftiest tower fell heaviest to the dust;

* "It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace ; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to be wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot : they amount to FOURTEEN :—O man ! place not thy confidence in this present world ! "—GIBBON.

The tempests first opposing mounts engage,
And deep within their forkéd lightnings thrust.

Discerning souls hope on while least they may,
And banish hope when most they have the right;
The taper pales its beams before the day,
To shine the clearer at the hastening night.

Depressing Winter, with his hoary train,
Great Jupiter sends forth—to soon recall;
Though luckless venture now deny you gain,
No kindred fate your future's may befall.

Apollo lulls him with Euterpe's art,
And drinks the transports of the modest Muse;
He flings aside his bow and cruel dart,
While in his breast her softest strains diffuse.

Bring forth your treasure when you need your friend,
And happiest be when happy thoughts avail:
'Twere best, Licinius, when the sails extend
To watch for changings of the prosperous gale.

Sonnet.

AT times, on day of fervid Summer's reign,
When in sore anguish drooped each thirsting plant
As quite despairing,—then, behold aslant
The long-drawn beams that for no instant wane
Until their fount yon glowing verge attain,
Fall tiny streamlets whose rich graces grant
Reviving draughts for which the full fields pant,
And new existence to the velvet plain.
O healthful influence of the bursting shower!
Scarce dim the sunshine; bring the earth relief;
Lend each beam beauty, verdure darker green!
Must cloud hang o'er thee thus I'd have it lower:
To thine own blessing spend its wholesome grief,
And give the freshness of the sunshower scene.

A una Mosca.

From the Spanish of the Conde de Norona, 1815.

O FLY! about Amira playing;
Who art always with her straying;
Know'st the secret she is keeping;
Watchest when she's sweetly sleeping;
Or, when she is most aweary,
With thy hum so low and dreary
Over and above her singing
From unceasing, agile winging.
Now art thou her hand caressing;
Now her gentle bosom pressing;
Now with silken locks art toying;
Now her tinted cheek employing;
Now, thy scruples all dismissing,
E'en her rosy lips art kissing,—
Her lips, where 'tis that Love abiding
Seems my hopeless lot deriding.
O! that Fate, our cares exchanging,
Gave to me thy happy ranging!

The Battle-field.

I WALKED the battle-field—a smiling plain
With Autumn's many tints now all aglow,
Where lay the anguished, the unnumbered slain,
Where spread the awful pagentry of woe.*

A hero of the strife, with 'bated breath
Told o'er those days of mighty fears and hopes;
With finger traced the carnival of death
Held on the tablet of those hills and slopes.

It is a goodly scene; the eye delights
To rove from plain to distant wooded side:
It finds no foeman on the waving heights,
Whence burst the flaming, all devouring tide.†

* [The battle of Gettysburg was fought in a wide, shallow valley, the village of Gettysburg being in the centre. For three days, July, 1863, the battle raged up and down the gentle slopes and in the streets of the village. 33,000 men were killed or wounded, and 14,000 Confederate prisoners taken. In 1876, when the author studied the field, the only remaining evidences of the great struggle were found in the scarred trees and buildings for miles around.]

And, as along the vales and crests we strayed,
Whence grew a grateful Nation's fond renown,
Spoke of the nameless dead—in deeds arrayed;
Or paused upon the hill's encircled crown.

And so they perished not; their honored fates,
'Graved on the shaft, is that of battle stain:
That stainless marble to a world relates
Of honored dead who have not died in vain. §

†[The publication of *The Battle-field* elicited from a distinguished physician and surgeon of New-York, who had served his country, the following comment: "* * * my eye resting upon *The Battle-field*, I have recalled many a familiar scene."]

§ The memorable words of Abraham Lincoln when dedicating the soldier's monument at Gettysburg.

In Remembrance.

HOW shall I set a guard about my soul,
To be at once a strong and sure defense?
As on the long, unnumbered years shall roll,
How shall I shield each now unsullied sense?

Of a perfection riv'ling human art,
I'll place an image in a secret shrine;*
I have no dearer shrine than this pure heart,
And it, receptive, makes that image—thine.

Then sweet remembrances (thy rightful due)
Like precious incense round that cell shall wreathe;
The measure of all worth shall be in hue
Those harmonies that I have heard thee breathe.

How can my feet leave Honor's flowery path,
Whilst thus inshrined thou hold'st that peerless place?
How tread the weeds that Vice's broad way hath,
In some base plain that thou would'st scorn to grace?

* "*Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two."

In baneful revelry should sense delight,
Or tongue lend accent to the ribald jest,
I'd ponder but thine eyes reproachful blight,
That stain might find no harbor in this breast.

Nor could this hand in harsh oppression fall,
(Should lowliness attain to high estate),
In soft repose 'twould stay, while I'd recall
How it of thine had summ'd the gracious weight.

These are but idle thoughts; have ceased to live:
Such mean conceptions may not long abide:
Dishonor cannot win, I will not give
The sacristy thou keepest at my side.

Such is the guard I'll set about my soul,
Since it so tends to be my soul's defense.
Come, long, unnumbered years! while ye shall roll
A shield is set for each unsullied sense.

Sonnet.

To———, with the Odes of Pindar.

THE Macedonian prince, his rage to sate,
Gave up the Cadmean town to dreadful flame;
And thought by horrid act his foe to tame,
And feed base pride: unwitting that, innate,
In lowly hovel as on throne of state
There is a power in a lowly name.
Such now before the monarch's reason came;
And mercy showed to grace that deed of hate.*
Whose wrought revulsion, and could pity urge?
It was our poet's—him thou'lt now peruse.
Oft in my bosom waves of scorning surge,
(Since men the evil, not the better choose),
To sink anon, in kindlier aspect merge:—
'Tis when upon thy honored name I muse.

* "It was decreed (B. C. 335.) that the Theban state should be annihilated, the town utterly destroyed, the surviving inhabitants sold into slavery, and the territory given to the conquering

Bedouin Robber and Steed.

IL-TIEMAN, Il-Tieman, and wilt thou quickly
rise?
For see! the rosy-tinted morn flames up the
eastern skies.
I will offer up in Allah's name the morning's glad
devotion:
Before the burning sunbeams come across the Indus
ocean,
I'll grasp my scimitar and spear, my corselet round
me fling;
And then, my gallant Arab steed, upon thy back I'll
spring!

Il-Tieman, Il-Tieman, while I slept into my dream
There came a vision of a spoil from Oman's pearly
stream.
My heart in secret rapture melts with its bliss and
happiness;

---

allies. Alexander succeeded in saving the house of the poet Pindar from the flames, and all his descendants from slavery. Thus ended the city founded by Cadmus, after having been one of the heads of Greece for seven hundred and ten years."—Bloss.

O princely steed, be ever true as we o'er the desert
press!
For we may wrest a goodly gain ere the glowing day
be spent;
And spread it forth for sparkling eyes in Mokallana's
tent.

Il-Tieman, Il-Tieman, thou hast found me ever kind;
So when thou hear'st my low command be thou
fleeter than the wind.
I shall breathe it in thine ear as I far away
discover
The stranger's form—nor by him seen. When
dusky eve shall hover
Then let him sink again to dream of founts and beds
of flowers,
And that deep slumber shall be Death's; but his
dreamings shall be ours.

Il-Tieman, Il-Tieman, thou dost bound and proudly
neigh.
Fly from Ras-Fartak's rocky coast to Al-Akof's
billowy way!
Frankincense fresh from balmy shores, and gems
from Muscat's mart,
If thou faint not of these, my steed, thine be a
gallant part.
On! on! thou ardent Arab steed, upon thy back I
spring:

Thy neck shall win a soft caress, thine ear with
praises ring!

Invocation.

POLHYMNIA! sweet, meditative Muse!
Wilt thou forsake me? wilt thou then refuse
To fan within this breast the subtle flame
With thy quick breath? O rash, unfruitful aim—
To sweep the strings when thou art far away,
Hoping for strains responsive to the lay!
Thou art more near; in night's deep silent hour
Choosing to contemplate. Behold, thy power
The flickering flame awaits! Thou drawest near
And poesy, exultant, quells her fear.
O, let thine own soft presence till the dawn
Presents the glorious chariot of the morn,
Linger about me,—lest it come undimm'd
To note my lyre unstrung, my theme unhymn'd.

En Gascogne.

WHAT strange, contending passions war
Within an erring mortal's breast!
Thoughts formed for utt'rance are withheld,
For silence, are express'd.

'Twas yester eve: with mirth and wine
We chased the happy hours along;
We chased the hours with mirth and wine,
With laughter and with song.

It seems as if long days had passed,
And yet it was but yester eve:
So lengthened are the little hours
When we have cause to grieve.

And one was there with word and smile
Whose beauty did each knight proclaim;
She stood by me and crowned the wine,
Beneath the astral flame.

She knew I'd loved her long and well,
(I've loved her from her tenderest years)
And yet I'd never breathed of love,—
So fearful were my fears.

We were a brave, a revelling band,
And I the gayest of the gay,
As in that Gascon hall we drank
And chased the hours away.

I spoke, I know not why, some thought
That grieved the lady when 'twas said:
I know, because she ceased to smile
And turned away her head.

She turned away her head; and then
Turned back again with jest and smile,
And sought with even greater art
The hours to beguile.

And though I louder laughed, and though
I sang anew the boisterous song,
My eyes would seek the lady fair
That I had seemed to wrong.

Could she forget? My chanson done
She sang a measure of her own;
And laughed with voice as free from care
And gleeful as my own.

I looked again (yet smiles enwreathed
The features of that lady dear)
And saw it gathering on her cheek—
The great and glistening tear.

I saw it gathering there, and then
  Upon her hand I saw it fall;
I flung afar my drinking horn,
  And fled that banquet-hall.

And 'tis for that I'm far away!
  And 'tis for that I'd be alone!
And 'tis for that I'm drifting now
  Adown the broad Garonne!

To Quintius Dellius.

HORACE: Ode 3, Book 2.

O DELLIUS, repel not from your mind
That life, a dream, by you must be resigned.*
Since this is so, your stores of joy expand
If you bethink its changings to withstand.
Do not shrink under Fortune's angry frown,—
The fruitful germ the husbandman cast down;
Which, lying hidden long in deepest gloom,

---

* "Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds!
  Are only varied modes of endless being;
  Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
  Derives its value from its use alone;
  Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
  Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue."

Sprang forth, bore fruit, and gladdened with its
bloom;
And yet, if viewing some long hoped result,
Think with your friend, less happy, to consult.
If nurturing sadness in remotest spot,
Or if to pleasure gods your hours allot,
And lead you on to some inviting vale
With ease and wine your hours to regale,
While you recline within some grateful shade
The lofty pine and hoary poplar made,
And upward gaze as sunny cloudlets flit,
Or drink with rapture from the rivulet,—
It is decreed, and these change not your fate—
Our hours the patient Sisters * now await!
Bid slaves bring wine, perfumes of wondrous cost;
Not for a future let this day be lost.
Think, Dellius, depart and soon you must;
With you your treasures crumble not to dust.
O no! a longing and impatient heir
Makes them his waking and his sleeping care;
Surveys your villas and computes your groves;
And, penniless, expectant master roves.
It matters not if sprung from humblest race,

* "The Fates, three sisters, who ordered the Past, the Present, and the Future, were constantly employed in spinning the thread of life. Lachesis turned the wheel, Clotho drew out the thread, and Atropos cut it off with the fatal scissors."

Whose ancestors no ancient records trace;
Nor yet could Argos claim thy noble sire,—
From this fair scene you surely shall retire.
All are alike unsheltered from the air,
And envious Pluto takes all for his share.
Remorseless Fates yet turn the restless wheel,
And Atropos yet grasps the severing steel
Too soon to cut the unresisting thread—
Forth from the breast the living spark hath fled!
Our destiny: born, linger here awhile,
Embark with Charon for a long exile.

David and Absalom.

WHY doth high royalty forget its state,
Cooling its feverish brow on frowning walls?
Why doth it loiter by the ponderous gate?
Why start anew as hurrying footstep falls?
And whence the apprehension that appalls
The kingly face of him in kingly guise,
Keeping his watch with fearful, constant eyes?

O monstrous deed! the fratricidal hand
Now lifts to strike a father's form to earth.
Audacious pride has seen in dreams the wand
Wrenched from the hand of him who gave it birth,
Thinking to gild a manhood's fruitless worth:
And now with foul intent, by folly led,
E'en seeks the crown on the anointed head!

The mandate had gone forth: "Ye of the Lord,
For Israel's king and Israel's kingdom arm!"
And loyal breasts had flamed with true accord
To shield the monarch from the threatening harm;
Yet his great captain, Joab, valiant, calm,
Bears from those lips the trembling, low attest:
"Would ye might spare him of my house loved best!"*

* "And the King commanded: Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man—even with Absalom."

And Joab had gone forth with conquering power,
Sinking ere noontide from the royal sight.
Time onward speeds and soon must come the hour
To tell him if the battle went aright,
And if the Lord yet tarried in his might.
For this it is he watches at the gate,
Forgetting self and dignity of state.

Yet comes no missive from the struggling field,
And day o'er Palestine with eve is blending;
And who the victory claims yet unrevealed
To him who feels within his breast contending
Desire for vengeance on the oft-offending:
Then, by a father's instinct deeper stirred,
Almost forgives—forgetting how he erred.

But whence the cloud that in th' horizon shows?
Surely no tempest mars the waning day!
Ever it moves, and with each instant grows:
It must be—'tis a herald comes his way
Bringing good tidings of the ended fray!
He comes alone! auspicious tale expect,
How all goes well, and serried ranks unchecked.

Swiftly the runner leaps the fiery plain:
Anon into the royal presence burst:—
"Great tidings bring I, King, of thousands slain;
And be rebellion ever thus accurst;
And death to him whose arm is lifted first!"

One smile of triumph doth that face illume,
And then a darker aspect doth assume.

"Arise. thou panting herald, tell me too,
What tiding else beside the battle won?
Bring they a captive foe in chains to sue?
A captive foe! stern fate! my yet loved son
Too early taught the honored way to shun!
Then let him come to meet a chastening hand,
And learn they rue who slight a king's command."

With awe the subject hears; steps back apace,
Viewing the face where mounting wrath held sway,
Wrought to its pitch by thought of how disgrace
Must tarnish all the honor of that day,
When conquering hosts in pomp and war's array
Pass by their king with hymn and prayer devout,
With banners spread to joyous victor's shout.

He answering: "Israel's king, I saw him not;
I waited but to see the conflict turn;
Thence speeded here in eager haste and hot,
Bringing such tidings as you do but learn.
And yet, methinks, so valiant son would spurn
Long to outlive the all-disastrous strife—
Setting no value to his hopeless life."

The king hears not: his gaze afar is fixed,
Low, where the desert knits the flaming sky:

There, there, befoamed, the gate and sky betwixt,
The Cushi comes! so swiftly comes he nigh
'Tis with an eaglet's wing he seems to fly;
Is near—is here—now in the presence kneels,
And, gasping, speaks—the tiding all reveals.

"Fierce was the battle, but the Lord prevailed;
Far fled the foe, and scattered as the chaff
When by Sirocco's deadly breath assailed,
So are thy foes before thy servant's wrath
Blighted and whitening in rebellion's path.
And be it thus with all who scorn thy sway—
The sleep of Ephraim's Wood, in death's decay!"

And David wept, his parent heart undone,
"Would I had died, O Absalom, my son!"

Sonnet.

January.

THE disenthralled and uncorrupted band
Sweeps down from chilling realms. Its store expends
In one symphonious whole. The prospect blends;
And lo! the panoply by Grandeur planned,
With moor reluctant to the swain's demand,
In purity harmoniously lends
An unmatched, surfaced tablet that contends
To take the tracings of the Master's hand.
And thus the soul, by nobler, pure desires
Its lavish or its meaner dress conceals,
By fairer aspect; and, new born, aspires
To purposes this fresh emotion yields:
And all bewondered muses past attires—
And wondering, germs of excellence reveals.

Lines.

To the picture of an unknown child.

SWEET picture! hang thee there: to me art thou
Far more than a resemblance. Tell not me,
Ye gray-grown disputants! that sin hath here
Already found a lodgment.—Such the smile
That beamed from 'mid the rushes of the Nile
To melt the daughter of Amenophis.
Eyes like these wore the pure dove who on that day
Hovered o'er sacred Jordan. Once I saw
A wondrous thing in marble: there it lay;
Men praised the deed and its most artful master.
It was stone—n'er lived, and lacked the glow
That warms this Heavenly infant.—Dwell with me,
Impress of goodness and of purity!

* "In your chamber hangs a picture of one whom you never knew, but whom you have long held in tenderest regard, and

Napoleon at Saint Helena.

ARMS folded to his breast
He paces to and fro;
With eyes that never, never rest
He gazes far below;
Then to a quicker, fiercer stride
He sweeps the bounds of ocean wide.

"Chained to a lonely rock!
Dead in a world of life!"
Oh, how the billows seem to mock
His soul's tumultuous strife.
"They from some mighty tempest fly;
He—held a captive here to die!"

---

who was painted for you by a friend of mine, the Knight of Plympton. She communes with you. She smiles on you. When your spirits are low, her bright eyes shine on you and cheer you. Her innocent, sweet smile is a caress to you. She never fails to soothe you with her speechless prattle You love her. She is alive with you. As you extinguish your candle and turn to sleep, though your eyes see her not, is she not there still smiling? As you lie in the night awake, and thinking of your duties, and the morrow's inevitable toil oppressing the busy, weary, wakeful brain as with a remorse, the crackling fire flashes up for a moment in the grate, and she is there, your little

And what avails him now
The pomp of other days?
What though a crown has pressed his brow
'Mid peaceful cities' blaze;
Where never blood such torrents ran
Since first the woes of men began.

Must he whose single hand
Fair kingdoms took and gave,
Ring mandates from this point of land
To heedless wind and wave?
Millions once listened for a word;
Now his deep mutterings are unheard.

How vain—how more than vain
His fruitless victories seem.
Can Ulm—can Jena's bloody stain
Now soothe Ambition's dream?
Away! nor think a noble deed
Would make a fellow being bleed.

Who mounts his stepping stone?
Who wears his dazzling crown?
The Spaniard's and the Austrian's throne
Have stripped and cast him down.

Beauteous Maiden, smiling with her sweet eyes! When moon is down, when fire is out, when curtains are drawn, when lids are closed, is she not there, the little Beautiful One, though invisible, present and smiling still?"—THACKERAY.

Oh, they who mount and soar so high
Are followed by the hunter's eye.

Arms folded to his breast
With feebler pace and slow
He goes: for in the dark'ning west
The vivid lightnings glow—
Harbingers that may fitly blend
With this dark life so soon to end.

* * *

The storm with deafening shock,
With deep resounding roar
Beats on the lonely island rock
Set on the ocean's floor.
He hears it; and his eager ear
Thinks it the storm of battle near.

He starts, with eyes aflame;
He gives the quick command;
He calls a trusted comrade's name,
And points with wasted hand:—
At Lodi—on Marengo's plain
He leads the furious charge again!

How bitter is the cry
Sent with the parting breath!
He sees—he sees his legions fly
Before the conqueror, Death!

No more: arms folded to his breast
Lay the great Captive down to rest.*

October Afternoon.

THE shore is shelving, white, and wide;
Freshly rolls in the deep blue tide;
Far up, far down as eye can reach
Thunder the breakers on the beach.

Brightest of bright October skies;
Never did softer breezes arise;
Sparkling and dancing in joyous glee,
Never happier seemed the sea.

Idling here on the shining sands;
Delving and sowing with playful hands;

---

* "He sank under the weight of misfortune, and died on the 5th of May, 1821, during a violent thunder storm which recalled to his mind the storm of battle."

[We here suppose him to be upon the cliffs of Saint Helena, while an afternoon storm is gathering. On the evening of the same day, while the storm yet rages, occur the incidents of the second part.]

Tracing the outline of a dream
For waves to wash ere the stars shall gleam.

Ships creep by with their sails unfurled,
Wafted on to some distant world.
Yet, careless eyes have we for them—
Sunlit skies, dim lowering stem.

The sea, the sky is all ablaze:—
Linger! fairest of autumn days.
Not long may we, with idle hands
Play with the white and shining sands.

The Tides.

Flood.

O SLEEP no more! be true, comrades, awaken!
The hour, so near the last, is full upon us!
With loving arms the sea our bark hath taken:
Let us make ours the fruit our watch hath won us!
To slumber now fair fortune 'twere despising:
Then, comrades, up! the tide—the tide is rising!

This weary stay our very hearts would sicken:
How blest the time the waters are foretelling!
If marked its healthful hue, your hearts will quicken;
See how the limpid waves come ever swelling!
For us a harvest full they seem devising:
Then, comrades, up! the tide—the tide is rising!

Slack.

O, cheerily! the harvest spreads before us;
Forget, forget the hours of aimless leisure.
An hour like this to fortune must restore us;
And to repletion hoard our bark with treasure.
'Twas for this golden hour our hearts were yearning:
Then, comrades, toil! the tide—the tide is turning!

'Twill soon be gone—be gone past our availing:
How deeply ever after would we sorrow!
Oh, constant let us be, though strength seem failing:
Our care shall vanish, joying on the morrow.
Bid all allurements hence, with lofty spurning:
O comrades, toil! the tide—the tide is turning!

Ebb.

How distant seems our listlessness, our straining:
We speak it o'er; we call it but our dreaming.
We glide adown; empurpled day is waning;
And far away our eddying path is gleaming.
Our hearts are very light; glad tones are calling:
Nor care we, comrades, though the tide be falling.

Our careless days are come, our toils surmounted;
Nor think we longer of the frequent changing.
Our store is all within—untold, uncounted;
And we may sleep while those who slept are ranging.
Did we not well, O comrades, thus forestalling
The changeful tides—the rising, turning, falling?

To Grosphus.

HORACE: Ode 16, Book 2.

GROSPHUS! luckless is the man allured
To the wide Ægean, night's bright orb obscur'd.
With not one star the hidden course to mark
And promise safety to his tossing bark.
In such dark hours his heart one refuge knows—
To pray the gods for safety and repose.
So for repose the war-worn Thracian cries;
And 'tis for this the quivered Median sighs,
To find, alas! the gift is not secure,
Nor sword nor ransom yet its charms procure:
Nor princely bribe nor deputy can bind
And banish tumult from the burdened mind.

For peace that man a good foundation lays
Whom yet delights the board of humbler days.
For sordid wishes plenteous vaults to heap
Mar not his day nor trespass on his sleep.
Why do we, by our arrogance misled,
Hoard up a store that others use instead?
Why fly our climate, 'neath another sun
Begin a task—to vanish ere 'tis done?
Who ever yet, from country an exile,
Persuaded Care to linger home the while?

He would not listen. Care—consuming Care
Boards, too, his ship and will his exile share.
Than stag more fleet, or yet the Orient wind,
Care soon o'ertakes him, though delayed behind.

A mind at rest, and joyful for its state,
Asks for no more and thanks the watchful Fate.
In patience walks the fiery hour of trial;
And views correction with a placid smile;
And feels how true it is, how oft expressed,
That not with life is man completely blessed.
Achilles died, nor yet for death mature;
Tithonus lived, but youth could not endure;
And time may me from countless ills defend,
And yet to you no courtesies extend.
For now toward you the waves of fortune flow;
Flocks loudly bleat, Sicilian heifers low;
Your steeds in costly trappings swiftly fly;
And vestured you in robes of Tyrian dye.
But Fate my arts have never yet suborned;
She found me lowly, keeps me unadorned.
Yet this she grants, more prized than robe of down,
A secret spurning for the rustic's frown;
And this beside (than this I would not choose),
A silent hour with the Grecian Muse.

Sunset.

THE fair, the far, the widening view*
Of sky, and land, and ocean blue,
Stretches away. There is no word
To break the silence—save some bird
Lingering upon the autumn hill
To sound a long, a farewell trill.
Lying o'er all this peaceful scene
There is a mistlike, golden sheen
Dropped by the now declining sun,
O'erjoyed to see how well his task is done.

The prospect soon must pass away.
Night, following in the steps of day,
Will brush it hastily aside.
Now bluer is the distant tide;
The sunshine every sail forsakes;
O'er cloud a deeper crimson breaks;
The fields below begin to pale;
The rustling of the rising gale
Warns the chilled watcher on the height
That glorious day is giving way to night.

* A view from a point on Long Island.

Antony and Cleopatra.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!
Bend thee lowly to the sand;
Soothe me with thy loving hand.
(Stay! O Death, thou all-denying.)
Of the thousand fond caresses,
This, thy last, my damp brow presses.*

Dark'ning, Egypt, ever dark'ning!
Hast thou then no bitter tears
Ere the hastening Shadow nears?
Nearer—nearer to my hark'ning!
Where my ebbing life shall hear it
Pour the fulness of thy spirit.

Fading, Egypt, day is fading!
Is it that Death's shadow creeps

*[Antony, having thrown away honor, power, and friends for the favor of Cleopatra, destroyed himself, B. C. 30.

* Written after a reading of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.*]

That thy striken spirit weeps?
Is thy torment in upbraiding—
That the love of which thou gavest
Brought dishonor to a bravest?

I am dying, Egypt, dying:—
Quick! the death-repulsing wine.
Pledge, by all that love of thine,
When thou seest me basely lying
Thou wilt then, repelling sorrow,
Thought of vanished greatness borrow.

The Burial of Pizarro.

GUIDAD de los Reyes!
Stand! for the coming dead.*
Deep-toned the minster tolls;
Onward the pageant rolls;
Stand, ye who bled.

Gentle Mother, hear it!
Gone is the blighting breath
From this bold scourge of Death—
Greet'st Thou that spirit?

Oh! rather bid them cast
Him forth upon the earth
Whose heaven he made a dearth—
And sinks at last.

Bounteous treasure extolled,
He, all-athirst, allured
By dreams of gain, endured
All for our gold.

---

*[Pizarro, after an unprecedented career of conquest and cruelty, met the fate he so richly merited—the assassin's dagger. But the natives were to be yet further outraged by the disposal of his abhorred remains beneath the altar of their sacred temple, the Cathedral at Lima (City of Kings).]

More merciful, less fell
Condor on yonder peak
That from his fastness bleak
Swoops to the dell.

'Twas he—this son of Spain
Who left in blackened track
Of iron hoof and rack,
Unnumbered slain.

Our Inca fetters bore
Till death unbound the chain
Forged to the fearful strain
Of battle roar.

The father vainly kneeled
And mother for the child,
With piteous plea and wild—
His heart was steeled.

The captive too implored—
To meet the frown of death;
And curse with fainting breath
His name abhorred.

Bless'd Mother! dost behold?
See! 'neath the holy nave,
And dome, and architrave,
They bear his mould.

What! sleep beside the saint
Whose hallowed life taught prayer?
Mingle his ashes there?
Their rest attaint?

Could then the vesper-peal,
Soothing the heart oppressed
With ecstacy of rest,
Invite to kneel?

Languish would every tongue;
Pallid grow every brow;
Falter the rising vow
By anguish wrung.

The 'bated cry didst hear—
"Back, menials, from his path;
Tempt ye his sleeping wrath?
The dead is near!"

'Neath altar, echoing dome,
With Desolation's blade,
Pizarro lowly laid—
O shaméd home!

Godfrey de Bouillon.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON,* pale, yet strong,
Gazed on his now diminished throng.
Nor on his face was seen despair;
No, brave and noble was his air:—
"I led ye forth, ye men of France;
I found the blesséd, holy lance.
What ye have suffered none can tell
So soon as I who know ye well.
I've seen my great and valiant host,
Of every Christian land the boast,
Melt swiftly as a vernal snow
Before a fierce, unnumbered foe.
I've seen it through these deserts thread,
Each footstep marked with ghastly dead;
I've seen it perish, till remains
One handful on these deadly plains.
Ye faithful, by this stubborn wall

"*At three o'clock in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey de Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem."

The haughty Saracen shall fall:
Again give your victorious cry;
Smite well the infidel, or die!"
Thus spake Bouillon before the wall where forty days he'd stood;
Thus spake Bouillon as o'er his face he drew his mailéd hood.
Then from the breast of every man went forth each fearful doubt;
Each armor then was buckled on amid a mighty shout;
And every foot and every shield each Christian soldier braced,
To follow Godfrey to the breach if banner there he placed.
Then Godfrey's tone was stern and loud:—
"Now by yon banner in the cloud;
Now by my dukedom in Lorraine,
Its folds shall trail upon the plain;
And there upon yon wall instead
The white and lily shall be spread!"
Hs cast an eager glance behind:
His band with ever-answering mind,
With worn and wearied faces flushed,
With every secret anguish hushed,
Pressed onward to the lofty wall
Whose creeping shadow, like a pall,
Again the threatened onset mocks—
The last of many angry shocks.

It is the holy Passion day, the hour at holy three:
The legions well remember this, and like a rolling sea
Their cries resound; their faces to the foe are upward turned;
And their revenge for endless toil shall be this hour earned.

"Now follow Godfrey," 'tis his voice,
"Now follow Godfrey and rejoice:
For, after two score combat days,
We shall the Moslem's city raze!"
He leads the now impatient band;
He drives the Moslem from his stand;
And, every instant mounting higher,
There shines he mid the bursting fire;
And close behind him and beside,
Like a resistless, iron tide,
His followers strike, but n'er so well
That Godfrey doth not each excel.
Yes, 'twas the Passion day; the hour
Was one indeed with holy power.
Yes, on that day, at holy three,
Stood Bouillon mid the victory:
And vanquished was the Moslem horde;
And busy was the Frankish sword.

An Autumn Walk.

"WHERE hast thou been—where hast thou
been to-day?"*
"Watching capricious billows at their play.
They said: 'The hours of man must troubled be!'
And rolled along in restless ecstacy."

"Where hast thou been to-day?" "On yonder
height
Teaching an eaglet, resting from his flight.
'Aspiring bird! to rest man doth despise.'
She spread her wings, and mounted to the skies."

"Where hast thou been to-day?" "To feel, unseen,
The chill west wind that bloweth rude and keen.
It seemed to pause, and muttered in its wrath:
'Thus blow I 'cross the wandering mortal's path.'"

"Where hast thou been to-day?" "I have been
where

*"'O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live."

The forest trees are tossing, cold and bare.
They wildly swayed their sturdy, leafless arms,
And asked, 'Doth man mourn his departed charms?'"

"Where hast thou been to-day?" "I have been
down
To note the falling leaf, so crisp and brown.
It seemed to say—this broken, fallen leaf—
'Doth man complain his mighty years are brief?'"

"Where hast thou been to-day?" "Where prostrate
lie
The fruits and flowers that in their season die.
I learned from them: 'That as it is with man,
So blossom we—and perish in a span.'"

"I have been forth with Nature, brown and sere;
Befitting garment for the dying year.
The year must surely die: O bliss to me—
My steadfast hope for immortality!"

To a Robin.

O SWEET Robin-redbreast!
Thy blithesome note I hear.
A welcome, welcome sound
Delights my listening ear;
And tells of dreary winter past,
And blooming spring-time come at last.

O sweet Robin-redbreast,
Each morning let thy voice
Pour forth its hymn of praise,
And with my own rejoice.
The Prince of spring-time, young and fair,
Hath strewn his treasures everywhere!

O sweet Robin-redbreast,
Let not the icy air
Subdue thy swelling song,
Nor lead thee to despair;
With rich profusion leaf and flower
Will soon perfume thy hidden bower.

O sweet Robin-redbreast,
  How dwells thy ringing strain!
It seems to tell of clouds dispelled,
  And sunshine come again.
It seems to say with tuneful art:
"The dawn is near; up! drooping heart."

Argosies.

MY beautiful fleet has sailed away;
I watched them, standing on the sand.
My white-winged fleet will come home some day,
Bringing me treasures from every land:
For I've made them promise—the winds and the gales,
That they'll lovingly watch o'er my fleet that sails.

Over the tumbling and stormy deep,
My well-manned fleet will laugh to scorn
(Well manned if wishes can vigils keep)
The warning wrecks that beaten and torn
Drift ever and ever, but warning in vain—
My fleet shall come sailing home over the main.

My sturdiest ship hath ribs of oak,
And deep, full lines to buffet the shore.
What cares she for the whirlwind's stroke?
Smiling she'll welcome old Ocean's roar.
Sometimes I fear me she floats too deep
To bring me the treasures I fain would reap.

I sometimes fear for my fairest bark
That I've fashioned the happiest sea to sail;

To gain it the ocean's so wide and dark,
Her sails are of silk and her masts are so frail:
My heart seems to tell me, from yon golden shore
My bark will n'er come to add wealth to my store.

In my fleet are many of graceful form;
I am sure they will swiftly skim the seas;
But then will they watch for the pitiless storm?
Ah, me! they are trimmed for the balmiest breeze.
I fear that my fair-weather sailors will sleep;
Then my sailors and treasures n'er will come from the deep.

Some day through the golden summer sea
(Till then how oft shall I seek this shore?)
My white-winged fleet will be wafted to me,
With its priceless treasures. I'll tell them o'er;
Then should fortune, sweet love, idle joys, soothe my breast,
In some calm, peaceful port shall my argosies rest.

Russian Hymn.

THOU who canst destiny control
And in adversity console,
Thou, great Saint Nicholas, wherein
Do we offend thee? By what sin
Do we repel thee, that thine eyes
No more behold our sacrifice?
With genuflexions, reverence,
We ask in vain for thy defense.
Though fervently we ever plead
Thy face turns not upon our need.
If longer thou avert'st thine eye,
Unfortunates! we surely die.*

See us, as sheep without the fold,
Our enemies grown fierce and bold,
Terrible, insolent, enraged,
Indomitable, unassuaged;
As lions robbed of young, and vexed

*[This supposititious hymn is accredited to the Russians, and sung after their many defeats by the armies of Charles XII.; and when their empire seemed about to succumb to the prowess of the Swedes.]

With seeing us alone, perplexed.
They come that we may perish fast;
Their toils about our feet are cast;
And ere the saving veil of night
Thousands shall vanish by their might.
If longer thou avert'st thine eye,
Unfor.unates! we surely die.

Saint Nicholas! thy saving hand!
Else we no longer may withstand.
Do thou again our standard bear,
And drive the foe within his lair.
Sorcerers are they and magic wield;
From power like this but thou canst shield.
Mysterious spells long us enshroud;
Thy hand can brush away the cloud.
So we, distressed, thy people, call
And look to see thee lift the pall.
If longer thou avert'st thine eye,
Unfortunates! we surely die!

The Fog-bell.

THE fog-bell! the fog-bell!
List! as its rhythmic measures swell.*
The bell hangs by the Castle's moat,
That all who wandering as they near
May catch its accents, as they float;
Soothing with hope each anxious fear;
That all may heed it well.

The fog-bell! the fog-bell!
I've wondered whence its subtle spell;
And oft when lengthening shadows lay
I've mused (where silently it hung
Nor sped its warning tones away)
Upon its mute and senseless tongue—
Nor need to heed it well.

The fog-bell! the fog-bell!
Yon weary captive in his cell
Hears it; and knows the world without
Is shrouded in relentless mist,

*[On one of the fortified islands in New-York harbor, there is fog-bell of a tone penetrating, and yet musical.]

Immersed with his sad soul in doubt,
And he unseen its thought dismissed:—
Poor captive, heed it well.

The fog-bell! the fog-bell!
The busy housewife's thought will dwell
While yet she holds her irksome round;
And as its quavers loiter there
She stays her hand, and to its sound
She joins her homely, unfeigned prayer.
Good housewife, heed it well.

The fog-bell! the fog-bell!
So like her storm-tossed sailor's knell.
Long, rude days past his hand so skilled
Had guided on from farthest climes;
Fond visions that his bosom thrilled
Fade with such distant funeral chimes:—
Brave sailor, heed it well.

Sonnet.

MINE ears drink in thy soul-outpouring lay,
Thou love-lorn Nightingale! Methinks so, erst,
Thy spell came o'er me, and by memory nursed
E'en till this hour. Over Sorrento's bay,
Wrapped in the mellowest tints of dying day,
I hung with many musings. As't did thirst
For human sympathy, thy plaintings burst
Upon the evening's stillness, died away—
And left me marvelling. This summer time
Thou mad'st thy flight (from Tasso's byways woo'd)
And tell'st thy sorrows in a sterner clime.*
See! Philomela, earth again endued
With much thou lov st—with emerald fields, and thime:
Then leave me not in more than solitude!

*[At times the nightingale finds her way as far north as the latitude of England.]

A Retrospect.

BEHOLD a toil-stained rustic leave his cot,*
Resolved to shun forever his hard lot,
And speed with quickening steps forth from the vale
That hears the roar but 'scapes the wintry gale,
On toward the mountain's base; nor feel the darts
That flaming downward come; the sun imparts
A new-born vigor to his feet. He'd gain
Yon mountain-top while daylight's charms yet reign.

Upward he pants. There, dimly in the skies,
He sees the rock toward which his wistful eyes
A thousand times in boyhood's years have turned,
And kindled in his breast the fire that burned
Through all the weary—seeming endless years,
Nor ceased to smoulder though a flood of tears
Had there its angry surges vainly rolled
To stay the flame he fain would have controlled.

Thus doth he climb the chamois' rocky track,

*A would-be pilgrim leaves his humble home and is intuitively led to the mountain-top. He beholds the fair earth spread before him, but reading its history as in a picture, he becomes unwilling to mingle in its scenes. Saddened by the character of man as there depicted, yet soothed by Nature's charms and examples, he retraces his steps irresolutely homeward.

Nor stays an instant to look quickly back;
For, not until he gains yon dizzy height
Doth he desire to view the wondrous sight;
Then—then in one intoxicating draught
Its pleasing aspects may be deeply quafft.

Chasms may yawn and towering crags may mock,
What cares he now? His feet have gained the rock,
And with a wistful cry to view the world
He lifts his eyes—and, lo! it lies unfurled
In one long pageant, one unbounded page
As told with voice and verse from age to age.

His eyes seek first the spot where man drew breath
And tell his heart how quickly man courts death;*
Nor on himself the load of ruin bears,
But bows his kind through all the course of years.
He sees the lands† with people multiplied;
He sees the Arm that placed them there defied;
He hears His servant plead—no longer urge;
A dreadful silence reigns; the boisterous surge
Sweeps down o'er all.§ Great Nature's dark'ning face
Hath not a smile for one of all that race.

He looks again, and other nations rise.‡
On Asia's plains, 'neath Egypt's cloudless skies
Uncounted hosts in glittering war's array

---

*Adam and Cain.

†Assyria, Mesopotamia, Chaldea.

§The Anti-diluvians.

‡The descendants of Noah.

Make death their trade—a monarch's* voice obey
To spoil a peaceful land, or ruthless sweep
With deeds of blood that make bright angels weep.
But they in turn a satrap's chain must feel—
Egypta's line crushed 'neath the Persian's† wheel;
Darius then to yield to conquest's blight,
And feel with Athens Macedonia's might§
For one dire instant—then to cast their charms
With feeble cries in Roma's conquering arms.**
Yet come the ages. Now a ruthless host
Steals from its barren home, stern Scythia's coast,
With dread Destruction loosened in its train
Each home to sack, each palace deeply stain;
And nearer yet—when Christian nations‡ rise
With History's page to teach them to despise
Such fearful arts, yet ever will pursue
With fiendish cries War's way, and yet renew
Some senseless struggle.‖ If with glory crowned

*Sesostris (B. C. 1500), the Egyptian, whose armies swept the then known world. He appears to have been an exception to Egyptian monarchs who, compared to others, were absorbed in home affairs, and not inclined to war with distant nations.

†Cambyses, the Persian, (B. C. 525.) son of Cyrus the Great, who conquered Egypt, which became a dependency of Persia.

§Darius, the Persian (B. C. 333.), conquered by Alexander the Great.

**Subdued, and enrolled among the provinces of Rome by the consul Mummius (B. C. 168.).

‡So called.

‖The wars of Spain for gold; of Louis XIV. for glory.

Be Fortune's guests,§ by Woe be millions‡ bound.

He turns him now from mankin i's endless crimes,
And views with swelling joy the beauteous climes
That picture all the earth. Majestic forms arise
Of sombre hue; but as they pierce the skies
Reflecting gems flash back the rays of fire,
And bathe his soul in transports of desire.
The mighty ocean breaks upon the shore,
The ceaseless tale repeating o'er and o'er
Of secrets kept deep down within its breast,
Of forms held dear forever laid to rest;
Of some fair island laved by summer seas
Where sea-nymph's tresses flutter in the breeze.
The distant river's silvery, sparkling thread
Brings quick delight, as swiftly on its bed
It pours along with seeming noiseless motion
To pay a tribute to unbounded ocean:—
Doth it not teach of life? A joyous thing
It seeks the light; 'tis then a feeble spring,
But outward seeks its course and grows apace;
Within an hour enters for the race
A generous rival, then a mighty power
That makes its path at will, and every hour
Bears on its bosom fruit for good or ill,

§ The princes, generals, and officers.

‡ The private soldiers, the peasantry, and all those who bear the burdens of war.

Blesses the land—or curses at its will.
Behold the beauteous flowers that deck the field!
No human art can such pure rapture yield.
See how they bloom in every opening dale;
See how they kiss the soft caressing gale.
Ah, how the heart is cheered if it but trace
These tinted smiles on lovely Nature's face!
The rustic sought, with sad and thoughtful mien,
His sheltered cot, and left the glorious scene
For other eyes than his; and deeply sighed:
"O beauteous earth! O dark'ning human tide!
How joyous are the scenes in all the lands;
And all thy woes are born of human hands:
The time-worn wrecks along thy paths I trace *
Bleach there through man's unkindness to his race!"

*What might now be the condition of this beautiful world had those two injunctions on which "hang all the Law and the Prophets" been conscientiously obeyed during the past two thousand years! The page of history shows how few wars have been *necessary*. In the instances touched upon, those of Sesostris were attempts to establish his personal glory; of Cambyses, to revenge a fancied personal insult; of Alexander and of Rome, the most reprehensible of reasons—the love of conquest.

Tell me, good Lady-Mother, why

"TELL me, good Lady-Mother, why
The zephyr's laugh is stilled;
I like not its foreboding sigh;
My very heart is chilled."
"My child, the evening breezes light
Alarmed fly the dreaded night."

"Tell me, good Lady-Mother, why
The gentle moonbeams fade.
Why should yon cloudlet, hastening by,
Enfold them with its shade?"
"My child, a symbol 'tis unfurled
From storm cloud to the zenith whirled."

"Tell me, good Lady-Mother, why
The fitful gleam is near.
Its vivid dartings, flaming high,
Oppress my heart with fear."
"My child, it is the lightning's glare
Whose purity shall linger there."

"Tell me, good Lady-Mother, why
So dark it seems and strange.
Why lowers so the sparkling sky?
I do not like the change."
"My child, it is the blessèd rain
That brighter makes the sky again."

"Tell me, good Lady-Mother, why
Such smiles your features wreathe.
Why cold your hand? why dim your eye?
Is it the changeful eve?"
Rain sobbed; sky flamed in tempest wild.
No answer else came to the child.

Theodora.

THE bell proclaims the race.
A potent monarch's heart again
rebounds;
Ten thousand answering voices swell the sounds;
And joy illumes each face.
On all-impatient steeds, in bright array
Byzantium's maids encounter for the fray.*

He sees them waiting stand
For the soft sound to bid them swiftly fly;
He marks but one strange face with drooping eye;
She curbs with trembling hand.
It seems amiss that her young, gentle life
Should find a place in this deep, maddening strife.

*[The sports of the ancient ampitheatre were never so closely approached in this country, before or since, as in 1874 in New-York. The feature of the games, the chariot and other races, being reasonably well copied, were viewed nightly with interest and astonishment by ten thousand spectators. On one of these occasions several young women were urging their horses at a rapid pace. When nearing the goal one of the riders was thrown, and carried out apparently lifeless. The empress Theodora being lowly born and associated with the circus might have had a similar experience.]

Now to their task they spring;
And onward o'er the course a whirlwind rushing;
While thunders roll around, Hope fear is hushing;
For as the echos ring
To joyful shouts, he heeds but that brave crest
That tells a timid maid leads all the rest.

On to the goal they speed!
With mighty strides each supple steed is leaping;
With mighty throbs one heart in time is keeping—
Will victory end the deed?
Appalling sight! she sinks, nor hears the storm;
Down in the dust there lies a pale, fair form.

Whence comes that ardent plea?
From him who sits the throne, imperial, proud;
From him o'er yon bewildered Cypriot bowed;
From heart of Royalty.
He lifts her from the dust—ignoble, lone,
To share the State majestic, share the throne.

Golden Hours.

THAT is a golden, golden hour—when day's
departing beam
Spreads crimson tints upon the cloud and gilds the
mountain's crest;
When busy cares that never sleep fade in a misty
dream;
When gladness hides 'neath hopeful beams the
sorrows of the breast.
Pride stands abashed and deeply shamed, as silently
the tongue
Strives at the prompting of the heart with softened
words to mould:
"The sun shines yet upon thy wrath; the vesper-bell
hath swung!" *
That is a golden, golden hour departing beams
enfold.

That is a golden, golden hour—when on the desert
drear
The Arab bids, with fainting tone, his dromedary
kneel.

* "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath."

"We drink this night, give Allah praise! from
fountain deep and clear;
Forget the morrow is at hand, and take the present
weal!"
Then his long, gleaming spear he grasps aglow with
many a ray;
Thrusts it, o'erjoyed, with many a prayer, deep in
the yielding sands:§
On its gay pendants rest his eyes; the evening
breezes play;
"O golden, golden hour!" he cries, and lifts his
bronzéd hands.

That is a golden, golden hour to happy Persian
maid
Resting, her cheek upon her hand, above the chalky
cliff.
Round Oman's distant hazy point in ocean treasure
laid,
Comes one with love in heart and arm to guide his
dancing skiff:
And well she knows he'll homeward turn ere evening
shadows grow,
And there she'll watch until above the emerald wave
he'll rise,
Then veil the cheek that will reflect the evening's
richest glow.

§[Wherever the roving sheik plants his spear in the desert, that determines the site of the night's encampment.]

A golden, golden hour is that to Persian maiden's
eyes.‡

That is a golden, golden hour and welcomed with the
eve,
When long-forgotten memories at Music's touch
awake:
When one, perchance, will thrill with joy, and one,
perchance, must grieve
As on the ear the moving chords of harmony shall
break.
Oh, when the gilded mountains lift beneath the
crimson skies;
When music brings the absent near with her
mysterious power;
When on the lily of the field the longest shadow
lies,
The fairest of the hours hath come—the golden,
golden hour.

‡[It is customary in fishing communities for women to watch from some convenient height the return of the men from the fisheries.

"A Broken and a Contrite Heart."

"MY LORD, my guard, my watcher, and my guide,
My ever present, ever faithful friend!
Than thee what refuge have I else beside?
Yet I've no merit that can me commend.*

"Doth not thy love from love like mine revolt?
I give thee chiding when I owe thee praise.
Though grieved, thou striv'st to mend each harmful fault;
I wound thee in a thousand needless ways.

"I see thy wondrous power; I know the hand
That set the earth and heavens must be divine.
The glittering hosts wheel on at thy command;
No will rebellious to thy will save—mine.

"The deep-toned ocean symbols well thy wrath,
And thunders but reverberate thy tone;

* "I acknowledge my transgressions; my sin is ever before me."

Thy glance might be the lightning's withering path:
And all revere thee—all save I alone.

"Thy generous gifts unstintedly are poured;
I them at morning, noon, and eve expect.
I take thy gifts and pass thee unadored:
Canst thou spare me and this, too, recollect?

"Down! down! sad soul, in thy humility.
A barren homage 'tis thou pay'st at best.
How can He more extend his gifts to me!
Sink, head, upon the now tormented breast!"

To Thaliarchus.

HORACE: Ode 9, Book 1.

BEHOLD Soracte clad in snows;
The woods their leafy burdens cast;
No longer on the river flows—
Frost's icy sharpness binds it fast.
Dispute the cold; pile high the blazing boughs.
O Thaliarchus, forget not your vows!
To cheer the coming youths afar
The cheerful flames now upward twine.
Now Thaliarchus from the jar
Pour out the generous ruby wine.
Leave to the gods the vexious ills of life;
Think you no more must mingle in the strife.
When winds the fervid ocean lash
The vales in peace repose;
The cypress and the aged ash
Forget their coming woes.

To ask the morrow's hap forbear;
Treasure this hour's unquestioned gain.

Come, fill the cup nor think to share
This draught with any future pain.
Joy of the young, O pleasant love and dances!
Abide with us, affrighting Time's mischances.
As on the mellow hours glide,
The song and whisper oft repeat;
As at the hour of eventide
When Tiber laves our Martius' feet.
Give you no heed whence sweetest echo wends;
Well with her mirth coy damsel's laughter blends:—
He'd seize some token from her arm,
Since eye in vain appealed.
What hour so fit to win a charm
Contending Love should yield?

Sonnet.

AND had I planned thy steps thou shouldst not go.
Thou canst not soothe me with the fond deceit
That in some coming year our paths will meet,
And joy be sweeter for this parting woe
Than we have known and else can never know.
How sunless is thy smile's poor counterfeit!
And fainter grows thy heart's tale-telling beat!
This were not didst thou truly believe it so.
Well, I will hush this doubting heart and bruised,
Nor picture summer days and thou not here.
Thou veil'st thine eyes, with manful tears suffused;
They say when thou art gone thou'lt hold me near.
Press—lightly press this hand as thou art used.
Go, and remember thou art doubly dear.

The Breeze.

THE breeze that flutters here to-day
Comes freshly from the wide blue bay;*
Where for a happy half score miles
It left a track of rippling smiles.
There follows it no dull, cold cloud
With frosty flakes the earth to shroud.
Joy! joy! no longer Winter reigns;
No longer are there snowy plains;
Nor comes there from the frozen zone
The sighing blast of saddening tone.
The end has come; and now, at last,
To still the muttering of the blast,
Comes softly brushing us the breeze
That's gently whispering to the trees.
Bids them again their charms reveal;
Again a joyous impulse feel;
And bloom as in the days gone by;

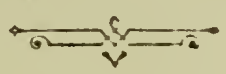
*[New-York Harbor, at all times beautiful and interesting, presents on fair and breezy days a scene of animation that is said to be nowhere equalled. It is caused by the vast number of vessels continually arriving and departing.]

Yes, bloom; the summer days are nigh.
The soft Spring breeze! What magic wand
Wielded by wise magician's hand
Could stir the very source of life,
Could soothe the very thought of strife,
As can this pure, delicious draught
Under whose touch the blue bay laughed.
Peaceful the water is to-day,
The deep blue water of the bay.
There's blue above and blue beneath,
In every wavelet, fleecy wreath;
(The fleecy wreathes that scarcely sway
Along the bright empyrean way)
And the warm sunshine on the sails
Gives promise of the summer gales.
Come forth from whence ye long have strayed;
Come forth! each slender pointed blade.
Dress all the fields in welcome green,
And freshen every sylvan scene.
Come, buds! Come twigs! Come, leaves and vines!
Each slender thing that clings or twines!
It is for you the breeze to-day
Comes freshly o'er the wide blue bay;
Where for a happy half score miles
It left a band of rippling smiles.

The Language of the Sea.

SINGING, singing one refrain!
Tell me, ever changing sea,
What so oft I've asked in vain;
Break the secret now to me.
Flowing, flowing to the shore
From some lonely, far off clime,
Here thy ebbing life to pour
In unceasing, saddening rhyme.
Sighing, sighing ever so?
Do the memories fill thy breast
Of some deep lagoon where flow
Emerald floods o'er coral crest?
Swelling with the monsoon's wrath
Of some vast and sparkling ocean,
On thy solitary path
Wafted with unheeded motion.
Tell me too of pitiless storms
When beneath the blackening skies
Lift thy waves in giant forms

As resistless whirlwinds rise;
Sweeping o'er many a nameless grave,
Trophies to thy power and might,
O'er the fairest and the brave
Who embraced thee with affright.
O thou deep, mysterious sea!
Coming now,—and now receding,
Secret none I win from thee;
Whisper none save thy sad pleading.



Unreconciled.

'TWAS in the eventide
She, wistful, ever tried
To whisper what they said might be my name.
They led me to her side
With blanchéd face and flying step. I came
To see her smile,—and fold a lifeless frame,—
And be my name denied.

It was a cruel blow.
And when I told them so
They sadly smiled and said, "Mayhap 'tis well."
But then how could they know?

I, in fierce anguish turning, bade them tell
How all progressive time could break the spell
Of my immortal woe!

"*'Tis well.*"—I'll not believe!
Such words shall never weave
Attunéd chords to suit my heart's refrain.
Would that I might conceive
The sun to sink forever 'neath yon plain:
So careless am I if he rise again,
So deeply, deeply grieve!

Paulie.

PAULIE sits there by the window and reads;
And nothing within or without she heeds,
But quietly sits with her earnest look
Fixed on the page of some wonderful book.

I have watched her long from across the street;
I have studied her face from my window-seat.
Her face is fair; 'tis a slender hand
That rises and falls as the page is scann'd.

Paulie, sweet Paulie, what is't you read?
Of some mighty race? some heroic deed?
Of such you would quickly be content;
Not long over such would your head be bent.

Paulie, sweet Paulie, I think that you read
Of some rider bold and his faithful steed.
He has castles in France, in Spain beside,
And seeks for his castles a fair, young bride.

I would that this rover our land would heed,
(With his fancy free and his prancing steed)
I think he would stop should his glance but meet
Yon pale, fair face in the window-seat.

Then I'd seize his cloak of gold and green.
He should come with me to the silken screen.
Not long, methinks, would his heart withstand
The pale, fair face where the page is scann'd.

Alas for France! and alas for Spain!
Where lover for maiden must sigh in vain.
So I tell them of Paulie—the mingled grace
Of her slender hand and her thoughtful face.

Nightfall.

THE night 'gins to fall in the midst of the raining,
And the ships at their anchors are heavily straining;
'Tis well in the harbor they're lying.
For they know what it means when the fogbell is tolling,—
That not far away the wild ocean is rolling,
And swiftly the storm clouds are flying.

The day may be fair when the morrow shall waken;
Then forth to the breeze their white wings will be shaken,
And their pathways be bubbling and foaming;
And the weather-worn bell need no longer be sounding;
O'er the blue and white waves every ship will be bounding,
Will gladly the ocean be roaming.

A City Church-Yard.

WHEN I shall die I pray you lay me not
In this unsightly, this ungracious spot.
Oh, bear me far away; some still retreat
Far from the sound of wheel and jarring street.

How can they rest beneath o'erhanging roof?
Do they not murmur at each ringing hoof?
Shut in they know naught of the bright blue sky;
Mid smoke, and gloom, and wretchedness they lie.

Rude crowds surge to and fro; above a clock
Booms forth the hour with even ruder shock.
No voice of friend know they by day or year
Where curses, cries of greed ring on the ear.

None linger here and, thoughtful, gaze within;
Save in the nightfall when some slave of sin
Against these rusty bars her face has pressed
To crave a home within—some place to rest.

How simple were these folk! in fainting tone
Each left some line of warning for his stone.

They fancied men would loiter here to read,
And wisely learn against the hour of need.*

And ofttimes, too, men pause—the line to jeer;
The artless text as oft provokes—a sneer.
'Tis just as well to fade, thou truthful rhyme!
Beneath the dust, and withering touch of time.

Sometimes, when streets are still (as streets will be)
I've seen remorseful wretch, on bended knee,
Trace with his fingers what they might impart,
And seem to take the moral to his heart.

Outcast and wretched, ye alone can feel.
To all beside—the car, the rattling wheel,
How aimless seems a squalid patch of earth
That starts a shudder or invites to mirth!

The Storm King.

I SIT within the firelight;
Its cheerful glow is warm and bright.
And little—little recks it me
How wild the night without may be!

*[On almost all old tombstones there is an admonitory line or verse, delivered in the first person.]

The storm king is abroad to-night.
With foam the tossing waves are white.
Hear them! the waves with fearful roar
Dashing upon the ice-bound shore.

Without what strife! within how blest!
Be children's shining heads at rest!
Nor know that from the mountain's side
The storm sweeps to the ocean wide.

"My children!" Ah, in many a ship
That cry goes up from many a lip;
From traveller with heart beating fast,
From sailor lashed to quivering mast.

The storm king and his boisterous train
Are revelling over land and main.
And more—ah! more recks it to me
How wild the night without may be.

De un Jilguero.

[From the Spanish of Juan Pablo Forner, 1756.]

A LINNET, from a neighboring wood,
His restless wings had spread.
He came and circled for a time
About my crownless head.

A branch forth from his native wood
Soon in his beak he brought;
And to entwine it round my brow
With wondrous pains he sought.

The efforts of the foolish bird
I saw were quite in vain;
And wearied, from my crownless head
He sought the wood again.

I, knowing his despair, exclaimed
As near me yet he ranged,
"If me thou'dst crown, let laurel leaf
For myrtle be exchanged!" *

*[The author trusts that he has seized the poet's meaning,

To the People.

HORACE: Ode 7 of the Book of the Epodes.

WHY, O impious men, this haste?
Go ye forth again to waste
Store of Roman blood?
Have ye not too oft bedewed
Field and ocean solitude
With a crimson flood?*

---

but thinks it safer to present the last verse in the original text. It would seem that the only acceptable crown would be one of myrtle, which was indicative of a civic and bloodless victory, as opposed to laurel—the military emblem, and consequently distasteful to one of gentle calling.

"Yo, su fatiga viendo,
No te canses, le digo,
Si coronarme quieres,
Trueca el laurel en mirto."]

*[The Romans, about to engage in civil war, are exhorted by the poet rather to turn their warlike energies upon their natural and traditional foes. This exhortation preceded the "Augustan Age."]

Shame upon ye that ye turn
Not where men of Carthage spurn
That ye long delay.
That yon Briton yet disdains
Power of legion, nor in chains
Treads your sacred way.

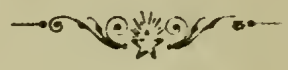
Will ye give the Parthian joy?
That ye thus your swords employ
Thrills him with delight.
"See!" he cries, "our haughty foe
Deals himself the deadly blow,
Topples in his might."

Think ye! in the brutish race
Did ye ever, watchful, trace
Deed like this defined?
Wolf and lion for the mate
Show compassion, spend their hate
On aggressive kind.

Give the answer, nor withhold:
If by madness, crime controlled,
Or the restive arm?
All are silent; faces pale
Ere the guilty soul prevail,
Urging on to harm!

By a stern fatality,
Romans, must this ever be?

So! ye stand dismayed.
'Twas for this our Remus sank,
That the earth a torrent drank
Fresh from brother's blade!



The Queen of the Flowers.

"COME!" said the queen,
"'Tis time, I ween,
That I a royal progress make.
And at my side,
As trusty guide
Blue violetta I will take. *

"'Tis my desire,
As faithful squire
White jessimime shall follow near.
At morrow break
Our course we take
Through wood, and vale, and meadow clear.

* "La rosa era reina, que tenia por confidenta a la violetta, y por escudero al jasmin."—GIL BLAS.

Close by the wall
Our sunflower tall
To us an homage now doth owe.
And ere the sun,
With course begun,
We'll see the morning-glories blow.

"Our evergreen,
Our eglantine,
Our Flora's bell, and dogwood flower,
Forget-me-not,
Each garden spot
Where fuschias spread a golden shower.

"And thus we'll go,
Above, below;
Our steed shall be a thistle-down.
All, all I ween,
Shall greet their queen
Ere the dark shades of evening frown."

Sonnet.

TH' Assyrian monarch to uphold his throne
Set it on man carved in war's dread array,
Whose threatening aspect taught man to obey.
That subject might not kindred awe disown,
The Persian his, of glittering gold and stone,
Upbuilt in crouching form of beast of prey,
And millions cried allegiance,—felt dismay,
And cursed a pride to impious excess grown.
Beyond e'en these my Monarch's realm extends:
My Master's state uprests on truth and love.
O'er Asshur's grandeur desert drift ascends:
My Master's mounts th' empyrean heaven above.
O'er Elem's buried pomp his lion wends:
High soars my Master's gentle Symbol-dove.

On his own Works.

HORACE : Ode 30, Book 3.

I CROWN my finished monument.
It shall endure though long be spent
The northwind's unavailing power,
And the insidious wasteful shower;
Nor years in unrelaxing might,
Nor seasons in recurrent flight,
Cast it with their destroying hands
To mingle with the ruthless sands.
I shall not die: my better part
Calls not for Libitina's art.
While priest and vestal shall ascend
The Capitol, so long contend
Successive ages to prolong
Praises to my melodious song.
Where Aufidus with cheerful mirth
('Twas thus he murmured at my birth)
Leaps o'er the plain with rapid stride,
Where Daunus' thrifty sons reside,
Shall it be said: "By minstrel tongue
Were softer measures never sung!"

In wonderment that my refrain
Could woo the coy Æolic strain.
Melpomene! the praise be thine,
Since I may wear the Delphic vine.

Lines.

THE bell says slowly: "Years but thirty-one
To thee were given!"*
Too early thy unfinished course is done,
Life's chain is riven.
Ere half across the sea thy voyage is o'er.
Unknown to thee
The joys and hardships of the farther shore
Bounding life's sea.

The bell speaks only in a low, sweet tone
As if thy life
Had passed mid peaceful harmonies alone,
Apart from strife.
Harsh to forbid of life's full cup to drain,
To thee, O Youth!

*On hearing the bell at Greenwood strike thirty-one.

And in the dusky tomb thy form restrain
Not well forsooth.

The bell rings out alone thy study age.
Of man or maid,
Of aimless, simple mind, of would-be sage
No word conveyed.
We only know that thou art entering there:
Nought else we know.
How gently fall thy years upon the air—
How sadly so!

The Ship.

I SAW a ship glide swiftly down the stream,
And toward the ocean make her sure advance.
There played about her many a mellow beam,
As on she journeyed to the land of France.

The beams were golden (those were ripening skies)
As proudly on she swept toward the seas.
And banners were flung out and cheery cries:
To pleasant France she sailed before the breeze.

No more should cordage swing, sails hang unset;
To quick commands she lent a ready ear.
Though in the harbor she might linger yet,
The fair the pleasant land of France was near.

Uncounted ships had sailed to that bright strand,
But none, methought, so peerless in her mould.
And though belike France is a pleasant land,
Her sailing left the river lone and cold.

And countless ships have sailed me by since then,
Yet none have seemed so fair by any chance.
Methought the days grew ever longer when
She journeyed to the pleasant land of France.

"Y Tu, perfido Amante!"

"AND thou! perfidious lover, thou who hast so lightly sworn,
Thou leavest the Sicilian maid, since she is lowly born.
Oh, why did I forget me? stay to hear thy ardent vows?

As lightly spoken as the breeze that rustles through
the boughs.
Go thou and sit upon yon throne; rule thou the low
and great,
And let no thought of Blanca come to mar thy royal
state.
Thou cold, cold Constanzé to whom my lover false
hath turned,
On thee rest every ill can wish the maiden he hath
spurned.
Torments within thy bosom live where thou wouldst
joy attain;
And let envenomed serpent's tooth anoint thee with
his stain,
Until thy hourly life be blank and tuneless as is
mine
Oh, let the serpent's deadly coil thy every hope
entwine!
Yes, traitor, yes, I go to wed. I love the Grandee
not.
I wed that it may seem to thee thy love hath been
forgot.
I yield a cold and hating heart with passionless
caress,
And think perhaps to know me thus thy bosom may
oppress.
If in thy heart doth yet remain one gleam of love for
me,

To know that I am wedded too may yield thee misery.
If not, why then to every maid my hapless fate will tell
Of one who gave her heart away and early loved too well!"

Thus by Belmont in Sicily a weeping maiden spoke.
Young Henry had betrayed her heart—her heart with anguish broke.
For one more noble in the land he'd turned his steps aside,
And left the maiden of his youth for an imperial bride.

El Dolor de la Ausencia.

From the Spanish of Francisco de Rioja, 1658.

WHEN between day and purple twilight grows
The broadening dawn, how sadly I awake
If I bethink its radiance will not break
Over my own sweet Lida! They are woes—
The early dawn and purple. Swiftly flows,
As from the confines of a bursting lake,
Tear after tear for her long absence's sake:
Despair alone my sorrowing bosom knows.
Now of my bosom Love with fiery torch
Makes a broad desert, all my soul inflames,
Yet finds my passion every morning new.
Each night Love goes within and shuts the porch,
When light and shade again are battling names.
So am I scourged with fire, so bathed in dew!

The Refutation of Galileo.

Galileo is supposed to be in his study, contemplating his models and drawings of the Copernican system.

WHAT! shall I now deny?
Shall I be silent and these truths deride,
That I may pander to a senate's pride?
Shall the o'erspreading sky
Be witness to my sin—that wide expanse
Whose depths have nightly held me in a trance?

Yet, life's a precious boon;
More precious to me as my years decline.
For now I clearly read each heavenly sign.
And must I die so soon?
Just as the secrets of the arch disclose;
Just as its glorious truths I may expose?

The guards, who are to conduct him before the court of the Inquisition, arrive.

Open the door, strange man!
Fling, Galileo, fling the portals back!

Betwixt thee and the slow-revolving rack
Is but a narrow span.
And what thy lips shall utter, oh, beware!
The Holy Office waits to hear thy prayer.

The high court of the Inquisition rise and salute the illustrious prisoner. They then sit, and await his defense.

Ye holy fathers all,
I come in answer to your high command.
I bring my only weapons—tongue and hand,
Into your secret hall.
List; and I will relate, as mortal can,
The part I read of Heaven's unbounded plan.*

Think ye the earth is fixed,
And that to it each star an homage pays?
'Tis of the least of all that mighty span;
And them and it betwixt
The shadowy planets roll in airless space,
Granting to ours an all but worthless place.

* "His most remarkable discoveries were Jupiter's satellites, Saturn's ring, the sun's spots, and the starry nature of the Milky Way. The result of his discoveries was his decided conviction of the truth of the Copernican system; though the blind and furious bigotry of the monks charged him with heresy for it, and he was twice persecuted by the Inquisition. On both occasions he was compelled to abjure the system of Copernicus; but it is said that in the last instance, when he had repeated the abjuration, he stamped his foot, indignantly muttering, *Yet it moves!*"

See ye this band of spray
That binds the heavens in one unbroken band?
'Tis but the scattering of His generous hand—
This fleecy Milky-way.
Unbounded worlds and on its dust compose,
As countless as the wintry flake that blows.

And note ye this fair star,
The grandest of the heavenly brotherhood.
And sweeping with him is a cheery brood,
As little children are.
Along his lonely course he proudly sways,
Emburying all within his quenchless rays.

Again, this lambent ring
About a wanderer like a homeless queen,
Shedding a softness o'er each dark'ning scene,
And bands that spring,
Bathing her skies in a perpetual glow,
And setting there one never ending bow.

Behold yon nearer orb!
She is the faithful follower of our trail.
We see her now expand; we see her pale.
Her rocky ribs absorb
And cast to earth the Luminary's ray
That we may not repine with him away.

With angry looks the Inquisitors motion him to desist.

Shall I for them withhold?

I would not die—be dust upon the ground
And leave unveiled these mysteries profound.
My wonders shall be told!
My fathers! naught against your will behooves.
Then as you bid: (and yet, it moves—it moves!)

Five White Pearls.

FIVE white pearls—a bit of chain
Flung up by the raging main.
What a story! what a wail
Uttered through the driving gale!

THE PARENT.

"Where may be—oh, where may be
Daughter mine, thou cruel Sea?

"Years but five—five tender years!
Idol of my hopes and fears!
On her neck I placed them lightly,
While my darling's eyes shone brightly!

Where may be—oh, where may be
Daughter mine, thou angriest Sea?

"What were five brief years to shed
On my so belovéd's head?
In thy seething pools and whirls
What to thee five snowy pearls?
Yet how much—how much to me
My beloved,—insatiate Sea!

"Long deny and cry them nay;
Yield; my darling sails away!
Long have watched and thought her near;
Long have watched with boding fear!
Where may be—oh, where may be
Voy'ger mine, thou treach'rous Sea?"

THE SEA.

"*She is dead!* my ceaseless swells
Rock her in a bed of shells!
All once thine my flood caresses—
Lithesome form, bright eyes and tresses!
Peaceful shall her resting be
In the low, unfathomed Sea!"

THE PARENT.

"Back—her five white pearls take back!
Seek her in thy waters black!
Let them evermore bedeck,
As they should, my darling's neck!

And wherever that may be,
Tell it not, thou pitiless Sea!"

The Vine of Palestine.

THE mighty Adrian reined his steed by Tiber's
rolling tide;
And turning to his royal train in lofty language
cried:
"Build me a noble house with blocks of rare and
costly stone,
And let it stand upon the plain in beauty all its
own!"

They reared upon the garden spot a rare and costly
pile.
The gracious monarch came to gaze: his courtiers
saw him smile.
"'Tis good; I will yon marble hall bedeck with
sovereign hand.
The priceless relics of my deeds shall here forever
stand."

And so they brought the richest, best from all the massive spoil:
The trophies of long years of search, of war, of peaceful toil.
The royal house was beautiful; just was the monarch's pride:—
"Here 'tis my name shall ever live, my glory here abide."

Then calling for his husbandman:—"Take you this little vine,
And set it by the marble wall of this fair house of mine.
Its tendrils are but delicate: on green Judea's hills
It blossoms to the morning sky, the air with fragrance fills."

* * * *

The centuries have come—and gone. Where Adrian and his tower?
Where are his countless trophies, hosts, the symbols of his power?
Mingled with silent dust! Yet, stay; the monarch's vine yet blooms,
And sheds its fragrance o'er the wrecks of palaces and tombs.

So of the friends, years, dreams confused—the
wrecks on memory's plain.
I've seen them crumble to the dust till shapeless
stones remain.
Yet, stay! oh, yes; there blooms amid the wilderness
alone,
A glance to fill a point in time, a n'er forgotten
tone.

The Constancy of Jacob.

HOW beautiful it was on Jacob's part
To see but one fair object in his way!
To keep the one dear image in his heart
That filled his dreams by night and thoughts by day,
Or 'neath the noontime heat or moon's soft ray;
And when among the toilers too he wrought,
After the morning hymn or knelt to pray,
How thrilled his bosom with the single thought
Of Rachel's opening beauty and the love he sought!

He had forgot old Canaan, nor returned
In thought to heed the birthright once so dear.
Ah, no; his soul with a new passion burned
And all bereft him of a brother's fear.
He cared no more, his soul was knitted near
To Laban and to her for whose sweet sake
The bonds of home had weakened: soft and clear
The beams of love's warm sun upon him break
And in his lonely heart increasing radiance make.

Doth not his mother's kind and tender tone
  Smite on his memory with maternal claim?
He was that parent's favorite, darling, own;
  Her heart yet groans at whisper of his name.
  Ah, no; his love for her is yet the same:
But one he sees—and then none else he knows.
  And yet, within he feels no secret shame.
He knows none else; and, as love's pure flame glows,
He thinks not, dreams not of a parent's lingering
    woes.

At dawn he leaves his tent, wet with the dew,
  And in some quiet copse apart he kneels.
He asks that heavenly graces may renew;
  In humbleness to heaven makes his appeals,
  And for the day his patient bosom steels.
He rises: him the morning sun salutes
  As his effulgence bathes in light the fields,
And every word of doubting man refutes
As 'thwart the brightening sky the luminary shoots.

And Jacob what had uttered? O ye men,
  If ye have ever loved a maiden fair,
As tender youth, and later—later when
  Hers were the loveliest charms of earth or air,
  Ye dared to pour your longings forth in prayer,
Hath she then been forgotten? Thou hast stayed,
  And thou hast asked, all tremblingly, such share
That she has walked as never yet arrayed;

And thou, as never yet hast dared, hast loved the
maid.

And so goes Jacob forth. He yokes the twain;
He lays the yoke upon each ready steer,
And guides them forth upon the yielding plain,
And plants a harvest for the waning year.
His hand is strong, his heart is void of fear;
No song is on his lips nor yet a sigh;
Long years seem endless in so long career:—
Is it a tear that glistens in his eye?
And for a single moment seems his faith to die?

O Heaven! man is but mortal, and thy touch
Seems sometimes heavy and too hard to bear.
And we may suffer—and yet suffer much
And yet from eye and ear hide our despair.
He saw the birds, each joyous winging pair,
Flit gay in wing and plumage round the nest.
He saw them happy, as unbound by care.
He could not—could not see that it was best
That he should serve this pitiless, long unrest.

His eyes he lifts: 'tis Rachel passes by!
She goes to draw cool water from the well.
She bends on Jacob that dark, tender eye;
And yet her lips no further message tell,
Nor doth she often at the fountain dwell.
She draws the healing water clear and chill,
And offers it within a rosy shell.

The laborers thronging round may drink at will,
And Jacob drinks—the sweetness that her eyes
instil.

The day comes flaming on, till in the noon
The weary husbandmen at last repose.
To him who loves young Rachel 'tis a boon,
This hour to think of her who soothes his woes.
Within a wood a low-voiced brooklet flows.
To it he hies, to fancy in its tone
A near resemblance to a tone he knows.
And as it murmurs o'er each rounded stone
He thinks, as e'er he thinks, of the beloved alone.

Past noon. The husbandman stays not his arm;
He treads the furrow with untiring feet.
Stern labor has for him its own true charm,
As on the day wears in the Syrian heat.
Soon will the sun sink to his near retreat.
The patient oxen feel an impulse too,
And oft their great eyes turn the west to greet.
The sun is setting to their eager view,
And deeper, purer grows the clear, celestial blue.

Tell me, ye wanderers in that lonely clime,
What gives such radiant beauty to the night?
Its skies are rainless, and its evening time
Is but a vast expanse of heavenly light.
And, oh! it is a quick, soul-moving sight

To see these lamps of heaven so lowly swung,
As if to rival day the eve was bright
With countless tapers at a banquet hung,
Where many guests make merry with unfettered
tongue.

And ye have seen arise a beauteous orb
That far, oh, far the lesser stars outvied.
Its glow so mighty that it did absorb
And leave unnoticed every one beside.
It comes and near the hour of eventide,
Leaping like a young moon the eastern hills;
Sweeping in long, long years one circle wide.
Its radiant beauty every bosom thrills
As with a soft, pale light the universe it fills.

* * * *

Into the opening night so Rachel strayed.
A strain, as of a chord that breathed her name,
The passion of a lover near betrayed.
She would no longer walk. Anon there came
A note she knew; and, oh, it was the same
She'd heard the homeless Canaanite extol!
She heard it through with tinge of maiden shame:
No more should weary years above them roll!
As his for evermore he drew her to his soul.

Did he not well—this patient Jewish youth,
To suffer through those years of toil and pain?

He walked unswerving in the path of truth,
And a rich blessing was his mighty gain.
If she had been a floweret on the plain
For which his spirit thirsted through and through,
And he had paused as doubting to attain,
Oh, could he e'er again his joy renew
As he should o'er the plain his onward path pursue?

La Muerte.

From the Spanish of Philipe IV., Rey de Espana, 1665.

DEATH is an agent secret in his way.
His power and motive none can comprehend.
We see his work begun, but not the end;
The end of morn complete, but not the day.
Behold great Mithridates, in dismay,
At his sad hour embrace him as a friend;
And Pompey, conquered, at his beck attend.
The wretch with bowl of poison goes astray!
Death is a haven where the long-tossed bark
Finds refuge from the anger of the sea,
And dreams of gaining sunlit skies for dark.
Death is our gain how great so 'er we be.
Our living is to fit us for the mark
We are to bear through all eternity.

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